THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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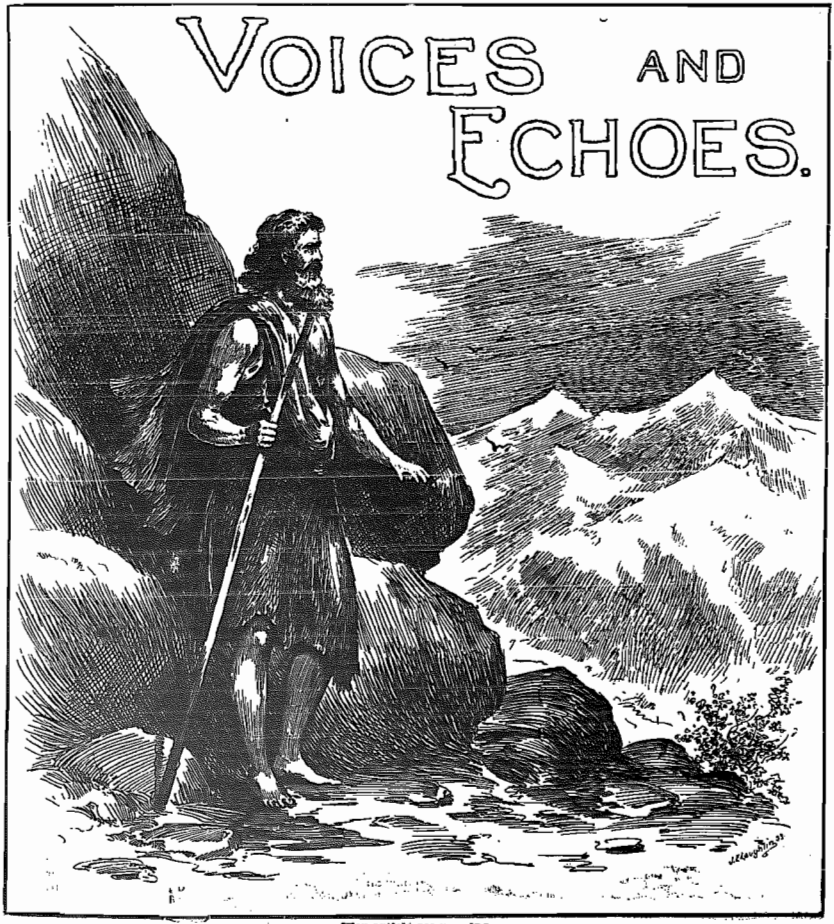
# VOICES AND ECHOES.



[For article see page 2.]

# VOICES AND ECHOES.

BY MAJOR HALL.

Voices and echoes, substance and shadow. These things have been continually before my mind for some time past and weighing on my heart. Again and again it has come to me that in the ever memorable words of the ancient seer, "I AM THE VOICE OF ONE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS," there was contained an immortal and eternal truth.

There are, heaven knows, enough shams, enough echoes in the world! To come across a man with a message in his soul, burning, struggling to get it uttered, is a fact worth pausing over and reflecting solemnly upon. Newspapers for the most part seem to be pitiful echoes of something that was believed somewhere by some one some time long ago. One looks in vain

### For one Honest Utterance

right from the heart, carrying with it fire and conviction. The number of people there are that seem to have no conviction is amazing; they echo what their neighbor thinks, or what they read, or what they hear, but as for themselves it never seems to enter into their heart at all to believe with a rough, rugged, honest conviction that *what* they believe is indeed veritably true. It may be that this is the determining factor in the influence of a man upon his fellow creatures. It certainly was this fact—that it was a voice and not an echo when the General addressed the British nation two years ago on the Social question, that woke the nation as from a stupor, and in turn was echoed round the world. That was one of the most wonderful phenomena that we have seen for some time. It did beget again in the heart of man a faith that was well nigh lost, that when a message *is* got uttered once more a nation will awake.

To us as officers, as soldiers, as Salvationists, the truth comes home with added point and power. We stand in the gap. We have a message to declare, and verily if it be declared

### It will make Men's Ears to Tingle.

Oh, the sublime elevation that comes upon a man when for a moment he feels that he is indeed uttering the truth of the eternal and as it were stands between the eternities! It doth verily seem for the moment to such a man that he is indeed an ambassador from another realm, and in no way swayed by any of the passing thoughts that agitate mankind.

Voices and echoes, voices and echoes. "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Am I a voice? Are *you* a voice? These are the questions which continually press themselves upon my heart. Or am I only a poor empty echo, with no force or conviction behind, doomed to die like the echo that passeth away.

It was because the Saviour, the Son of God, was indeed a voice, the divine word incarnate, and every syllable He spoke was pregnant as of an utterance of eternal truth, that His words, His declarations, swept like fire and are destined yet to over-run the world.

### They Can Never Die.

Nations may rise and fall, and all the outward ceremonies of religion may be trampled under foot and be fondly thought to have been stamped out, but the truth, the words of truth will inevitably live on and resurrect, and in turn shake the thunder and terror over the oppressor and persecutor.

Everyone knows what is an echo, and everyone is familiar with the simple experiment of standing in some convenient spot and hearing the echo of one's own voice. The gorges and valleys of mountains are favorable for this, and herein is the explanation of the picture. The man in the foreground is the rugged incarnation of the voice, represented by way of illustration, something akin to John the Baptist of old, with his rough attire well suiting his rugged character.

### The Pulpits of To-Day

seem to share the same fate, and each seems to vie with the other in endlessly repeating what after all are but the far away echoes of something that has had a being long before. If our pulpits, our platforms were what they profess to be—the place from which the living voice divine should pour out its burning message, there would not long be wanting a revolution in manners and morals.

Now, soldiers, is it because you have *heard* of the story of the cross that you go and repeat the same thing in nearly the same words without perhaps any inward conviction in your own heart? Do you emulate the press and take up the first echo that meets your ears because it is an echo of the hour? Verily you can become in your sphere what the average politician is in his. The discussions you are familiar with all bear on salvation topics. That is your environment. But there is no more virtue in taking up the tale of others even if it be the progeny of salvation, if for your part in the first place you have no inward conviction of the truth in your heart. You are as verily guilty as others.

ARE YOU A VOICE?

OR

ARE YOU AN ECHO?

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It is useless to be looking back everlastingly, and wasting your days in vain regrets.

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# RESCUING!

## What is Being Done and How They do It.

## TORONTO HOME.

In my last interview with Mrs. Booth, the short time spent was full of business, schemes suggested, plans purposed, and lines laid down for the quickest and best way of furthering the interest of the Rescue Work, which lays so heavily on our dear leader's heart.

The very last words were, "Now, Ensign, you *must* regularly visit the police court, and do your very best to help and cheer and lift up those who have fallen to bring them to God." Gladly I responded, and the next morning, with thankful hearts that we belonged to the Army, whose mission and sole object was the salvation and reclamation of the lost, that we in a tiny measure "could proclaim liberty to the captive, bind up the broken-hearted, and preach good tidings of full salvation to them that are bound," Ensign Hendricks and I started for the police court.

In a few minutes we were at our destination, and as I pushed back the heavy door and walked past the busy tall policemen, my comrade whispered, "It's all so strange to me, for I have never been in a police court before," and I noticed the tears in her eyes as we followed the matron and stood before the "iron cage" where the unhappy prisoners awaited the opening of the court.

Oh, how bitter the results of sin, how truely hard the way of the transgressors. One girl, a wreck of womanhood, stood before us, who years ago in her happy, careless girlhood had regularly attended Army meetings with her friend, who wisely yielded to the earnest appeals from the platform, and sought God's pardoning love and power, and became an holy, useful Salvationist, while the dear girl before us put off the claims of Divine love and lived for self, and sometime after, through a drinking husband, acquired a love for drink, and to-day is tightly held by its power.

We had a few words with the prisoners, tried to help them, but they appeared hard and defiant, and we could only pray that our Saviour "who saves to the uttermost" would touch their hearts, melting their indifference and changing their carelessness to contrite cries of repentance and faith. Upstairs again (our presence attracted no surprise, for frequenters of the police court are quite used to S.A. Rescue officers) we waited to see results of trial, and as all were "old offenders" the magistrate summarily dismissed them all with the usual sentence, so that in a few minutes they were gone down stairs again to await the arrival of the police van.

As we left the place our prayers followed them, while we looked up to God and asked for more energy and love to labor unceasingly for their salvation, "to spend and be spent for them who have not yet our Saviour known, to turn them to our pardoning God and quench their brands in Jesus' blood," for the bright triumphant strains of the chorus reminded us of the "boundless love," the "wondrous love of Jesus, and that "His blood can save from all sin." Hallelujah!

Before finishing I want for His glory to give my testimony, that God is daily helping and richly blessing me, teaching me to trust Him for all things, keeping my soul clean, and enabling me to live "looking upward."

I feel emboldened to say that if any of my old friends felt disposed to send along any gift for the Rescue Work it would be gratefully remembered and deeply appreciated by

Yours affectionately in Jesus,

ENSIGN FLORRIE FAITH.

# SNOW FLAKES FROM BARRIE.

CAVALRY EXPLOITS — BLIZZARDS — WELL DONE, SOLDIERS—AN EVENTFUL TRIP.

BY THE D. O.

I have spent a week-end at ORILLIA, the first since our comrades lost their barracks. I am pleased to say, they have succeeded in getting a place to hold meetings in for the winter; the only trouble is, it is far too small, and will not accommodate the crowds. We have a change here now, and Capt. Scarr and lieutenant (lasses) are leading on the forces.

The Saturday night meeting was well attended, and quite a good time was spent.

One young man, who has just recently been converted sought deliverance in the holiness meeting on Sunday, and another sought for pardon in the afternoon. He wept when he came, and trembled from head to foot. God soon saved him, and he took his place on the platform at night.

The barracks was crowded out at the night meeting. We had a good time and good order. The Spirit spoke, but no one would yield to His strivings. We closed after a good prayer meeting, and left them to think over what they had heard; this made six meetings for the day.

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Capt. Hay, of Barrie, joined us on Monday for a trip through Muskoka. We drove to GRAVENHURST in the afternoon. The storm which had been raging in the morning came on again before we arrived, and for two hours we faced "snow flakes," backed up by a stronger breeze of wind than most folks would care for; however, we got through all O. K. We spent Monday night here, and, owing to the storm, the crowd was smaller than usual. We spent a good part of the day Tuesday writing, and then led a public meeting at night, with a soldiers meeting at the close.

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BRACEBRIDGE was the next place on the list. We arrived in good time, and after a very nice march, we had a good meeting inside. Capt. Hay read the story of the man who came through the roof to the penitent-form and went away carrying his bed. We fought hard, but saw no one saved, although there was deep conviction in the meeting. Capt. Lee has a good hold here, and things are moving in the right direction. The thermometer stood at thirty-seven degrees below zero when we were here.

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We drove to HUNTSVILLE next day and called on Brother Jacobs, formerly Capt. J——, who has been compelled to withdraw owing to his wife's illness. They were pleased to see us, and we were to see them. They still wear their uniform, and are loyal and devoted comrades in the War. Bro. J—— is the postmaster at P——, and holds a meeting in the parish church once a fortnight. We had a very fair time. Most of the men have gone to the lumber woods, which makes the crowds somewhat smaller than usual, but Capt. Rees is in for victory, and when her Lieutenant comes we will look out for big things. Now, comrades, a little more fire and a few more at knee-drill will do you good.

• • •

We put in all day Friday and Saturday forenoon on the road to PARRY SOUND. Just arrived in time for dinner. A little business after dinner and a walk around town, and it is nearly time for meeting, which was held in the Union Hall in the Sound as our own hall in the Harbor is both small and cold. We had good crowds on Saturday and all day Sunday in spite of the fact that there are few men in the place. Some of the comrades came a considerable distance to be home for the day's meeting. We had a day of real good spiritual meetings, and although we did not see anyone saved, we believe much good will follow as a result, and the officers will be cheered by seeing many more at the mercy-seat.

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Seven o'clock is rather early to start driving, especially on a Monday after doing the Sunday meetings, but seven a.m. saw Capt. Hay and myself tucked up in the cutter and starting on the home trip. Fifty-three miles brought us to BRACEBRIDGE shortly after night. We took a night off, and I tell you I felt like a rest. That Soldiers' meeting on Tuesday night will not soon be forgotten. Capt. Hay and the D. O. spoke on S.A. government methods, and also on personal spirituality, and did not forget to urge upon all present to do something special in the matter of selling the CRY and increasing the order. Look out, Ed! [Aye, aye, sir, ED.]

• • •

I saw something here which pleased me much. Capt. Lee wanted $6 to pay a bill which was due, and with very little asking received the amount before he left the Soldiers' meeting. All donated. Oh, for more soldiers who feel like helping their officers in such a practical manner! I hope the soldiers in some other corps in the Division will read this.

Thirty-nine miles next day in the face of a terrible snow storm about half way brings us to ORILLIA for a public meeting. The storm kept in the people, but we had a fairly good time.

Twenty-five miles next day brings us to Divisional Headquarters after being absent for about twelve days, and driving 265 miles with the thermometer as low as forty degrees below zero, and never got frozen. We have lots of work now for a few days, and then will be off again.

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**Make no mistake. Dives was not damned because he was rich, and Lazarus did not go to heaven because he was poor. There was something back of all this that will as surely decide your case as theirs. Think you, are you ready?**

# IN THE PRESS.

## The Plan of Campaign for 1893, or The First Decade of The Salvation Army in Canada.

"The plan of Campaign for 1893, or The First Decade of The Salvation Army in Canada," is the title of a pamphlet which is now in the press, and which we hope in a few days will be ready to place in the hands of our friends.

It deals with the various new developments of our work in Canada, and among other things goes fully into the question of property, closing with the accounts for year ended September 30th, 1892. The whole thing is written up in a popular readable style, and even when dealing with the question of finances all technical expressions are avoided. We believe that anyone who peruses the pages of this little pamphlet will be considerably enlightened as to the inner constitution of the Army, and as to many knotty points which have come to the front from time to time.

There is only a limited issue, so that those who desire to possess a copy will need to make early application. The list of contents is as follows:—

Chapter 1. Ten years ago and now.
" 2. Retrospect of the year 1892.
" 3. Prospects for the year 1893, Rescue and Social.
" 4. Prospects for 1893, Spiritual.
" 5. French Work.
" 6. Change of Commissioners.
" 7. Finances.

Some of the principles involved in connection with a change of Commissioners is gone into and some interesting references are made to previous history. The relations and powers of a Commissioner with regard to Army property are also delineated.

Those who are desirous of gaining information with regard to the Circle Corps, the League of Mercy, Joe Beef, the Rescue Work, and many other things connected with the Army operations in Canada will here find many particulars which will undoubtedly interest them, and in addition, so we expect, be profitable reading too.

There are numerous illustrations, including pictures of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, Commissioner Rees, and Commissioner Coombs, a scene in the early days, Joe Beef, new Rescue Home, the Children's Shelter, timber limit and others, and also a miniature reproduction of the first page of the CRY.

Application should be made to the Trade Secretary, Staff-Captain Friedrich, Albert St., Toronto, Ont. Price 10c.

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**Ah! If you put the ladder down deep in hell, with the top to heaven, it would take you all eternity to climb there, and then you would not reach the summit of the pit, for the pit is bottomless.**

# PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

## Easter "Cry."

We give early notice to prospective readers, buyers and contributors, and all interested therein, that it has been decided to have a Special Easter CRY.

Everyone, therefore, who is desirous of being represented in the Easter CRY—officer, soldier, or friend — should set about their contribution early. Many contributions arrived too late for the Christmas CRY.

The Easter CRY is to excel the Xmas CRY in every way, and our numerous contributors are going to help to make it so.

We shall have more to say about the matter next week.



# Salvation Lexicon.

*(Continued from last week.)*

C is the third letter of the English alphabet. Like lots of people it has two sounds, one hard like K, the other soft like S. The pronunciation, like that of the two-sounding people, is depending on the pre—or succeeding letters.

CACTUS.—A plant of singular form, which grows in the warmer zones in places and desert where hardly any other vegetation is seen, and altho' its shape is sometimes not what men would call beautiful it produced some of the most beautiful and fragrant flowers. It is a typical illustration of a true Christian. Singular and distinct from other men he appears not always in harmony with their ideals, but even under most trying and difficult positions where the godless will sink, he draws nutriment and unfolds there most beautiful blossoms for God's glory.

CADET.—A volunteer in training for military service as officer. The cadets in the S. A. have the advantage over cadets in the killing army because they are trained practically in actual warfare.

CADMAN.—Commissioner Elijah. The famous director of the General's Social Scheme.

CAIN.—The first born of men and the first murderer.

CAKE.—An article of food less digestive than bread and a little better than brick. One of the stepping stones to dyspepsia. Cake contains the same ingredients as bread, with a more or less abundant addition of spices and raisins, etc., which render it difficult for the stomach to find out what it can use for the body's nourishment. Likewise the plain wholesome bread of life is often rendered more palatable to the abnormal taste of those who have rolled sin as a sweet morsel under their tongue by adding plenty spices in the shape of worldliness, socials, concerts, etc. It is a hard practice, and makes the Gospel indigestive. Don't adulterate.

CALENDAR of the S.A. in Canada for 1893. The best ever published, sold well, and were appreciated. A few yet on hand. Price, ten cents.

CALHOUN—Major Thomas, *alias* "Glory Tom." A Canadian staff-officer of renown. Well known in Newfoundland; at present in charge of the Ottawa Division. His tunic has not yet grown into a frock coat. He is an enemy to boot-blacking.

CALF.—The young of the herd, which was worshipped in Egypt. Aaron made a golden image at the demand of the Israelites, when Moses was absent (see Aaron.) Jeroboam made two golden calves, which he set up at the extreme ends of his Kingdom, in Bethel and Dan, and established a regular worship of the same. In spite of the denunciations of the prophets, this idolatry was continued by all succeeding Kings of Israel, and constituted the great sin of the Israelites, for which they were led into captivity, and finally punished by oblivion as a nation.

"CALLED,"—"Many are called, but few are chosen." If you are called, that means that you will not be chosen unless you fulfil the duty of your call to the best of your ability.

CALVARY.—The Mount Sinai of the new dispensation. Here the pitched battle between love and hatred was fought, and love conquered and won its greatest trophy.

CANVASS.—To make interest in favor of the WAR CRY. Should be done systematically, by laying out the city, town, or village into as many districts as the officers can find people to sell the WAR CRY, and should be regularly canvassed from house to house every week.

CAP.—That part of the dress calculated to keep the dust off the hair, and the cold and heat off the brain. Can be bought in regulation style, and trimmed for every rank, from the Trade Department. Blue regulation cloth caps for privates, $1.75; for officers, $2. White summer caps, $1.40; Fur caps, for winter, from $3 to $8.

CAPERNAUM.—On the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, was situated on the rich plain of Gennesaret. The doom pronounced against it and other cities has been singularly fulfilled, and it has proved a very difficult task to geographers to discover the site.

CAPTAIN.—A leader, the first. In the S. A. the officer, in charge of a corps. Is expected to be the leader of his corps in meetings, holiness, visiting, marches, WAR CRY selling, etc., and should always pay for his WAR CRYS in full every week, and also pay his rent.

CARDS,—Rightly called, the devil's prayerbook.

CARE.—I. Heed with a view to do our work well; in this sense, should be taken by every Salvationist. II. anxiety; uneasiness of mind. It is wrong to try to undertake the management of a sphere which is above you, and ends in collapse. Remember the Lord keeps the planets in their paths, and desires you to look after the souls of men.

CAREER—a course. A record of it is not only kept at the National Headquarters for officers, but of every man at the universal Headquarters, and will be duly referred to at the appointed time.

CARNAL.—Fleshly, sensual. The fault of the Galatians in Paul's time, and of a multitude of professors in our time. A strong barrier to spiritual growth. Can be removed by applying much prayer and engaging in WAR CRY selling, etc.

# THE PLATFORM.

## Professors and Prophets.

BY ADJT. COLLIER.

We find on studying the Bible and Bible characters, that whenever people obeyed God, He always helped them, and was with them in all places where they went, and sustained them under every trying circumstance. But, on the other hand, when they turned from following Him and disobeyed, He always left them to themselves, and their enemies got the victory over them and they were subdued.

We see what befell the disobedient prophet, who, instead of obeying the direct command of God, listened to another, who was also a professed prophet, and was

### Slain by a Lion

as the result of his disobedience. What a number there are to-day, who, like the prophet, stand out for a time against the pleadings of others, but at last listen to their words of false counsel, and are slain by the way, and are no more use to God or their fellow man.

We see a young man or woman who attends the S. A. meetings. The Spirit of God works upon them, and they yield themselves to the Spirit's strivings, and in a short time rise to their feet, and with faces lit up by the sunshine of *His* smile, tell how the past is forgiven, and that they intend to follow God. The next step is, they come into the Army, are enrolled as soldiers, and as blood-and-fire people, get into full uniform at once. They are never backward in giving their testimony, or in praying in the prayer meeting. The words they speak have some weight; their comrades listen, and have confidence in them. This is because they live in obedience to the divine will. But soon there comes a change, God calls them for the field. They are not willing to go.

### Friends Persuade Them.

and tell them they can be as useful in the corps and always take good care to point out how Brother or Sister So-and-so is a much more capable person, and yet they are not called to go; and at last the once zealous soldier gives way and tries to settle down in the corps. They keep up their profession, give their testimony, but, alas! it has no influence.

Now, what is the cause of all this? They have disobeyed God.

We also read how when the children of Israel were journeying through the wilderness towards the Promised Land, that as often as they obeyed God there was no one able to stand before them, and God fought for them; but when they disobeyed their enemies overcame them. Just so with many to-day; while they obey God and walk in all the ways He has commanded them, it is well with them—they have victory in their souls, victory in their work, and doing His will is pleasant to them. But the time comes when, by some act of disobedience, they drive the spirit from them, life becomes dreary and fighting hard, and they come and come again to the holiness table and

### Pray for Power and Victory,

when they should ask God to forgive them for their disobedience, and then make up their mind to obey Him in the future, and put their resolutions into practice.

When King Saul marched against the Amalekites, God commanded him to utterly destroy them, and that not one of them should be spared; also that all they had should be destroyed. But Saul, instead of doing so, spared Agag the king, and the people spared some of the best of the sheep and oxen, as they said, to sacrifice unto the Lord at Gilgal. But God told Samuel of the disobedience of Saul, and he dealt with him accordingly; and for his disobedience, Saul was rejected from being king. How many there are who lose the favor of God and the hope of reigning with Him in His kingdom, and yet, like Saul, after they have disobeyed, try to make some sacrifice or offering to win the favor of God. But a better plan is to act according to the warning given to the church at Ephesus, and "repent and do your first works, lest He come upon thee quickly and remove the candlestick out of its place except thou repent."

Disobedience is one of the principal causes of so much

### Spiritual Decline

amongst the professed followers of Jesus to-day, and the cause of so much leanness of soul, and will not only rob you of your joy and peace while fighting the battle of life, and leave you powerless when you stand before your enemies; but will close heaven's doors against you for ever, because disobedience is sin, and no sin can enter heaven.

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CARTOON.—A moral illustrated and made more noticeable by a ludicrous sketch. Study them as they appear in the WAR CRY.

CASHIER.—A pleasant position when plenty money is in the bank, but not much coveted at Headquarters. (See Bricks.)

CASH BOOK.—A book in which an account of all money received and expended is kept. The cash-book of a corps or of Headquarters can be examined by anyone who contributes to the respective corps or Headquarters fund. It is generally those people whose soul is the size of a cent that always cry about misappropriation of funds.

CASTLE.—I. In olden times a fortification built by princes and knights, mostly on the brow of a hill.

II. A stupendous affair built without money, of cheap material, in the clouds, but generally falls down at the first ray of reality falling upon its walls. The building of these castles is an unprofitable business in which many Salvationists still indulge when they could more profitably sell WAR CRYS.

CEMETERY.—Better called in the German, "God's acre." Only good seed will spring up to eternal life.

CERTAINTY.—Full assurance. The thing you must have about your salvation. Nothing short of it will enable you to laugh at death, smile at danger, and snap your finger at the devil.

CHAFF.—The starved, wasted life of an unregenerated soul unfit to beget goodness or love; the horrible fuel of hell.

CHALLENGE.—A summons to combat. The thing we would like to see given by Hamilton I. to Kingston as to WAR CRY sales. Who would win?

CHANGE.—A thing very much grumbled at, but nevertheless very necessary; constant change is noticed in every form in order to preserve matter. Change prevents stagnation, and often imbues impetus.

CHARITY.—Love applied. The magnet which draws out the good qualities of a soul. The bayonet on the Gospel gun. The flag of truce which admits you into the fortified heart of the greatest sinner. The breath of life to a latent carcass of good disposition. The hand of love.

CHARM.—That irresistible delight so keenly felt when listening to the solos of Staff-Capt. Acum.

CHASTITY.—A strong wall against temptation. A rebuke to sin. The fragrance of a Christian life and the salt in his conversation.

CHEAP.—Does not always mean the lowest price. For instance; an overcoat bought from the Trade Department for $25, which wears you for four years is cheaper than an inferior one bought at a ready-made clothing store at $10, which lasts you only four months.

# No Friend Like Jesus.

BY A. TILLEY, NFLD.

We have no friend like Jesus, the blessed Lamb of God,
Who bore our sins and curse and shame and shed His precious blood,
That we who once were far away from righteousness and heaven
Might through His dying on the cross have all our sins forgiven.

We have no friend like Jesus, just view Him on the tree,
What wondrous love and pity He had for you and me!
See from His hands, His side, His feet, the blood that trickled down,
Think of the thorns, the cruel thorns, that pierced the Saviour's brow!

We have no friend like Jesus to lead us in the way,
To guide us through the changing scenes of life's uneven day;
When other friends would fail to help and dark clouds intervene,
We feel His touch, we hear His voice, and on His strong arm lean.

We have no friend like Jesus, so pure and full of love,
Who sits upon the Great White Throne in His Father's home above;
This loving, sympathizing Friend is always by our side,
And will not fail to help us while we in Him abide.

Then let us trust this loving Friend with child-like, simple faith,
Until our race on earth is run and we reach the golden gate;
Then we shall hear his loving voice in accents clear and sweet—
"Come in, my child, and live with Me, thy joy will be complete.

Now just a word, my comrade dear, to help you on the way,
Be of good courage, trust the Lord, He is our hope and stay;
Strive to redeem each fleeting hour and keep your armor bright,
Then you shall have the victory and conquer in the fight.

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# Correspondence.

A NERVOUS CONTRIBUTOR SEES GHOSTS.

WINNIPEG, January 14th, 1893.

DEAR WAR CRY:

It is with all the courage I have that I drop you these few lines, my dear old friend. I love you very dearly; indeed you contain more and healthier spiritual food than any other religious paper that I have seen. Many a time has God used your pages to cheer me on, and to remove doubts, and enlighten my mind.

But, oh, my! how beautiful you looked in your Christmas dress! Truly it put all past records in the shade;

### The People Admired your Beauty

and bought you freely.

As to my own experience, I am living at the feet of Jesus and learning of Him. "Do you find any trace of the devil up your way?" you may ask. "Oh, bless you!" I should remark, "he is always to be found where there are any soldiers of the 'blood-and-fire' kind." But, glory to God, for in His strength we can spot the devil every time.

Well, you might wonder why I did not write before. I will just tell you what is the reason. I have always been a very nervous fellow, and hearing of the W.P.B. ghost, and the Editorial ghost, and

### Some other Ghosts

of less serious character. My unsoldierlike heart almost stopped beating for fear that the above ghosts would hear thereof. At last, however, after some solemn meditation, I came to the conclusion that these ghosts are not so dangerous after all. This is my idea of their

appearance: see sketch. And I wish the Editor and Sub God's richest blessing, and glorious success in making you a blessing to many souls, and as to the W.P.B., I think it a very useful article.

Yours for War,

THE SAVED ICELANDER.

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TO "WAR CRY" SERGEANTS.

January 25th, 1893.

Cheer up, even though trade is dull at the present season. Do your best, believing that God blesses those that are sold, and knowing that there has been no difficulty overtaken you but such as is common to your fellow-sergeants in the War.

W.C. SERGEANT.

## SKETCHES FROM THE CAREER

—OF A—

## CANADIAN WARRIOR,

# Capt. Emily Wadds.

(Now Mrs. Capt. Bradley.)

In a tiny red cottage covered all over with climbing roses, little Emily was born, in the midst of a pine plantation, with a peep through the bushes of the distant Lough of Belfast, in the North of Ireland.

From her babyhood upward, she developed a strong power of self-will, delighting, at any cost, to get her own way. This tendency was not a little fostered by the fact, she knew full well that where her wise mother failed, or refused her anything, she had only to cry pitifully and pet-pretty enough, and her indulgent father would plead for her until her wish was granted and her sobs hushed.

She was always a quick, bright child too, quick at her lessons, quick in perception, and well trained by her Christian parents in many ways, and naturally a constant favorite with her teachers, who kept her to the head of her class, and constantly

**Held Her Up as an Example**

to the other school-girls. So, in addition to the self-will, pride was easily developed, and where the spirit of vain glory should have been dealt sharply with and rebuked, her high opinion of her own ability was encouraged; laying up for her many and many a bitter soul-struggle in the years to come.

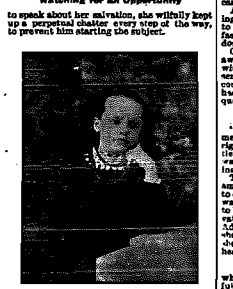
When she was fourteen years old, her father thought, for the sake of his growing family, he would take up a farm in Canada, where the prospects for his sons would be better than in the "Old Country." The entire change of companionship and surroundings was good for Emily, and she began to find her own level a little better.

Near her home, there lived a farmer and his wife, a sincere Christian, and here Emily spent a great deal of her time, for her mother could well spare her, seeing the family was large and the farmer had no children. The minister of the church at Minising was a man of God, who truly sought the souls' interests of his congregation. He dealt faithfully with the young people, and Emily began to have clearer perceptions of God, and the consequences of sin. She grew restless and unhappy, not knowing what ailed her; and yet with her proud, cold, reserved disposition, ashamed to let anyone know of the trouble in her soul.

One night, she walked to the meeting with the minister; conscious instinctively that he was

**Watching for an Opportunity**

to speak about her salvation, she wilfully kept up a perpetual chatter every step of the way, to prevent him starting the subject.



Capt. Wadds' First Convert.

She went home knowing she had succeeded, and yet feeling that night a very guilty girl, under miserable condemnation, and so she continued for months, sinking deeper and deeper, and yet telling no one.

It was the holy living of the people she was staying with most deeply affected her, and yet, though dealt with personally, she resisted as a rule, until one day she broke down, and let them understand her condition of mind—all dark, black, plunged in darkness; as she was. For a long time, she had striven by *effort* to find out God alone; devouring holy books, and tracts in secret. But God was not in the tracts for her—no rest in them at all!

At last one night in the church, whilst they were singing

"I left it all with Jesus long ago,"

her stubborn spirit broke down, and to her dismay she burst into convulsive weeping before the congregation. Afterwards some of the members gathered round and

**Talked with her till Midnight,**

but no light came till next morning in the minister's study, when after he had exhausted every argument, he put the thought second to strike her. "Now you've done everything that you can why not take God at His Word and believe that He saves you?"

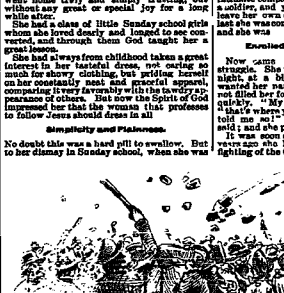
She grasped at it and threw herself on the promise. Immediately peace came. She felt it was a definite transaction in her soul. She was home truly and simply trusting, but without any great or special joy for a long while after.

She had a class of little Sunday school girls whom she loved dearly and longed to see converted, and through them God taught her a great lesson.

She had always from childhood taken a great interest in her tasteful dress, not caring so much for showy clothing, but putting time on her constantly neat and graceful apparel, comparing it very favorably with the tawdry appearance of others. But now the Spirit of God impressed her that the woman that professes to follow Jesus should dress in all

**Simplicity and Plainness.**

No doubt this was a hard pill to swallow. But to her dismay in Sunday school, where she was



striving to turn their hearts to God she observed her little girls were dwelling far more on her pretty locket and chain, and the nice way her hair was fixed, and the ornaments she wore, than on her words. That settled it. She determined to get a plain navy blue dress without trimmings at all. (This was before the appearance of the Army uniform.) Of course there was a little criticism among her fellow church members, but fortunately the old lady, whom she boarded in the post office agreed with her, and sighed often over the unfortunately worldly appearance of the church of God. So her fixed up hair was brushed straight and her golden locket disappeared.

Another lesson she learnt after hard training. It had always been a temptation to her to do common-place things in a surface fashion, hurrying through them anyhow to get done.

One day as she was washing dishes her mind away among the unseen, she was saying within herself, "Oh, if I could do some great service for the Lord!" when there seemed to come flashing before her mind the words she had seen somewhere of the quaint old English quotation—

**"Do pe next Thynge."**

"Well," she thought, "the next thing for me to do is to sweep and dust." So she set right to work from that moment to do the little household things as faithfully as though it was the Lord Jesus Himself she was ministering to.

There was quite a revival at this time amongst the church members, and in answer to earnest prayer-meetings, the Spirit of God was poured out, and many souls were brought to know more, when just at this time the Salvation Army, with Lapie, Madden and Jack Addy appeared in Barrie, not far from where she was. With hearts unprejudiced and open, she and her father went with some others to hear them.

**In the Big, New Barracks,**

which was packed to overflowing with a crowd full of enthusiasm.

The unwonted noise, and the drum, made her feel a little giddy and sick, but she left profoundly impressed with the way the soldiers evidently loved one another. That impressed her most.

In the afternoon, the Christians in the building were invited to testify. She felt called to say a few words, but hesitated until her chance was gone, for such a thing as a woman speaking publicly was unheard of in her church, till then. She turned away feeling strongly condemned, convinced she had acted contrary to the leading of the Spirit. Wherever people might think, she resolved she would obey next time she had a chance. It came soon, and in the power of God helped her, and she spoke.

She returned home, determined to be definite in bringing souls to Jesus.

"Maybeth" was a little friend who shared her room, so she bent every effort first towards the child's salvation, promising the Lord she would deal with her in plain words if she was awake that night. As she bent over the pillow, the blue brown eyes opened wide and earnestly, filling with tears as soon as the Name of Jesus was spoken, for the little one was already

**Hungering after God.**

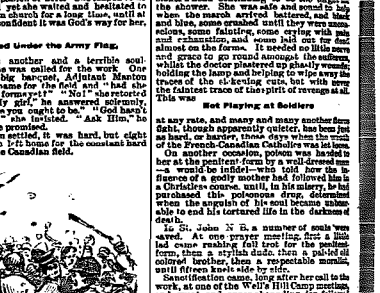
They prayed and talked, until she was truly at rest in the Lord, proving her conversion by her life to this day. This was Captain Wadds' first convert, and made her more anxious for out-and-out service.

Afterwards, she returned to her father's in Barrie, where she often attended the S. A., and Capt. Nellie Tosh (then a soldier) became her intimate companion of hers. She longed to be a soldier, and yet she waited and hesitated in every her own church for a long time, until at last she was confident it was God's way for her, and she was

**Enrolled Under the Army Flag.**

Now came another and a terrible soul-struggle. She was called for the work. One night, at a big barcost, Adjutant Manton wanted her name for the field and "had she not filled her former vow?" "No!" she retorted quickly. "My girl," he answered solemnly, "that's where you ought to be." "God have told me so!" she insisted. "Ask Him," he said; and she promised.

It was soon settled, it was hard, but right were ago she left home for the constant hard fighting of the Canadian field.



Cadet Wadds was sent straight away to Pickering, where seventeen souls were saved one night. From her long and full experience in the work, there are several incidents especially interesting.

In her battles in the French work, one never-to-be-forgotten scene is imprinted on her memory. One Sunday afternoon, being out of uniform, Mrs. Simon advised her to stay home from the march, but to come into the meeting afterward. Leaving the house with little Rathie, they heard the march approaching. They hurried to follow, but such a sight as baffles all description met them. A little band of about fifty

**Surrounded with a Savage, Devilish Mob**

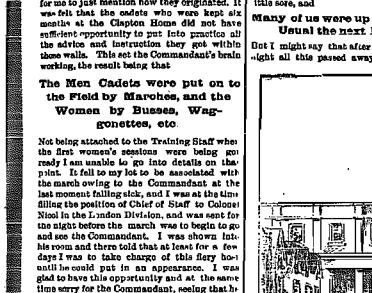
of thousands strung, in the midst of a hailstorm of flying stones—yet singing as they marched—with Mrs. Simon at the head of her bruised and bleeding troops, calling "Come, Comrades!" her own hands clasped at the back of her head to stanch a gaping wound.

Capt. McClary came flying in advance, and snatching the key from Capt. Wadds and pushing the door open, thrust the sisters one after another within, covering them as much as possible, from the shower of street jagged missels flying.

Again, she narrowly escaped a severe stoning on the march where

**Commissioner Coombs was Almost Killed,**

when one of the unsaved lads snatched the



Capt. Bradley.

prominent red-banded hat, and placed his own straw one in its place, to prevent the Commissioner's head continuing to be the target for the shower. She was safe and sound to her home, the march arrived battered, and bruised and blue, some crushed until they were unconscious, some fainting, some crying with pain and exhaustion, and some laid on the floor almost on the forms. It needed no little some and grace to go round amongst the sufferers, whilst the doctor plastered up ghastly wounds, holding the lamp and helping to wash away the traces of the cri-kevling cuts, but with never the faintest trace of the spirit of revenge at all. This was

**Not Playing at Soldiers**

at any rate, and many and many another fierce fight, though apparently quieter, has been just as hard, or harder, those days when the youth of the French-Canadian Catholics was let loose.

On another occasion, poison was handed to her at the penitent form by a well-dressed man—a would-be infidel—who told how the influence of a godly mother had followed him in a Christless course, until, in his misery, he had purchased this poisonous drug, determined when the anguish of his soul became unbearable to end his tortured life in the darkness of death.

In St. John N. B., a number of souls were saved. At a one prayer meeting, first a little lad came rushing full trot for the penitent form, then a stylish dude, then a pale-faced colored brother, then a respectable moralist, until fifteen knelt side by side.

Sanctification came, long after her call to the work, at one of the Well's Hill Camp meetings, and great and searchedding joy followed for a time, with 100 souls at her next station.

"My life is happy," she says, "yes, very happy! The cross is the attraction. I glory in the cross!" F.H

(Since the above was written Capt. Wadds has become Mrs. Capt. Bradley.—Ed.)

# WAS IT A DREAM?

When one gets old, how circumstances of one's childhood come sweeping over one, like a ray of sunlight over a cloud shadowed sea. Everything looked so fair and beautiful in those far-off days, when our infant minds could see the earth only as it was to us—full of love and beauty—before the knowledge of sin had entered into our earthly paradise, because we were pure; therefore, to us, all else was pure.

One of those little circumstances, with all its holy influence, comes to me at this moment.

I was but a frail, delicate, sensitive child, not more than seven or eight years of age. It was a beautiful Old Country autumn evening. The room in which I sat faced the west, the window opened on to an old fashioned garden fruit trees and flowers growing all together. So well I remember the great fruit tree in the centre, laden as it was then with golden fruit, its boughs propped up to prevent their breaking with the weight of its rich burden. Even now, I seem to feel the soft air floating through the window, heavy with the perfume of gone white lilies and mignonette, roses, lavender and cloves.

I sat close in the window watching the sun sinking to rest behind the trees. The sky was one blaze of glorious color, gradually deepened into purple, then into all shades of crimson, gold, and orange. Suddenly, floating across this blaze of light and color appeared two pure white transparent clouds. They took the shape of human forms, but with angel wings. I can see them still, so beautifully silvery white, each one tinged with the color of the sky, as they floated slowly onward, and as I watched, burst of music sounded in the far distance, and strange to me, I did not know not what was sang or played—possibly had I been nearer at hand it would at best have been but harsh and discordant—as it was, it was completely suited to the influence of the moment, softened and subdued by distance. And at that moment to me heaven was opened and my child's soul bowed in pure, unalloyed worship.

Then, with tear-streaming eyes, I stretched out my little hands, pleading to the angel clouds above me crying, "Take me, oh take me with you." They floated on, faded out of sight from my sight, and yet they are with me still and will be ever.

I have gazed since then upon grand pictures painted by master hands, have listened to wonderful harmonies and melodies produced by skillful fingers, but over and above them all stand forth the great angel pictures of my childhood's days. I wonder sometimes if they are indeed spirit forms. Did they not indeed hear my passionate prayer? Are they and fadly, beauty taking me with them?

February 11, 1888. THE WAR CRY. 5

# This is How They Did It.

## AN INSPIRING RECORD.

## The First Life Guards' March.

BY COLONEL MOKIE.

**Written Especially for the Canadian "Cry."**

As these marches existed before the present system of training began it may be necessary for me to just mention how they originated. It was felt that the cadets who were kept six months at the Clapton Home did not have sufficient opportunity to put into practice all the advice and instruction they got within those walls. This set the Commandant's brain working, the result being that

**The Men Cadets were put on to the Field by Marches, and the Women by Busses, Wagonettes, etc**

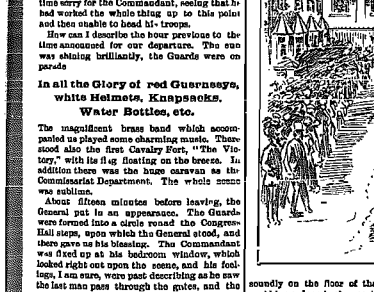
Not being attached to the Training Staff when the first women's sessions were being got ready I am unable to go into details on that point. It fell to my lot to be associated with the march out, which the Commandant at the last moment falling sick, and I was at the time filling the position of Chief of Staff to Colonel Nicol in the London Division, and was sent for on night before the march was to begin to go and see the Commandant. I was shown into his room and there told that at least for a few days I was to take charge of this fiery host until he could put in an appearance. I was glad to have this opportunity and at the same time sorry for the Commandant, seeing that he had worked the whole thing up to this point and then unable to lead his troops.

How can I describe the hour previous to the time announced for our departure. The sun was shining brilliantly, the Guards were on parade

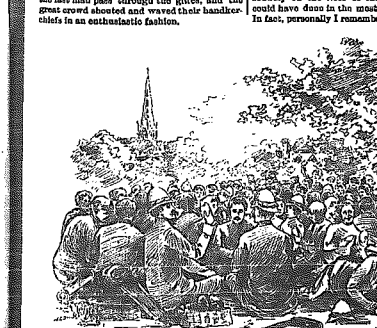
**in all the Glory of red Guernseys, white Helmets, Knapsacks, Water Bottles, etc.**

The magnificent brass band which accompanied us played some charming music. Thousand also the first Sergeant Major, "The Victory," with its flag floating on the breeze. In addition there was the huge caravan as the Commissariat Department. The whole scene was sublime.

About fifteen minutes before leaving, the General put in an appearance. The Guards were formed into a circle round the Congress Hall steps, upon which the General stood, and there gave us his blessing. The Commandant was fixed up at his bedroom window, which looked right out upon the scene, and his feelings, I am sure, were past describing as he saw the last man pass through the gates, and the great crowd shouted and waved their handkerchiefs in an enthusiastic fashion.







**Camberwell was our First Halting Place,**

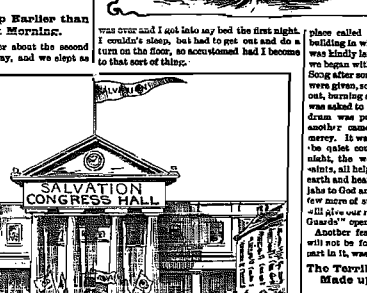
which we reached after a two hours' march, having attired the whole neighborhood through which we passed. Our building here has seating capacity for 3000 people, and it is a very fair way to express it when I say it was literally gorged. We were kept upon having a straight go at the devil's ranks the first night. Expectation and faith ran mountains high, and brought into the building great rolling waves of light, liberty and power. Guilty souls broke down under their weight and fairly screamed for mercy from all parts of the house. That first meeting finished up with one of the grandest waves of enthusiasm that it has been my privilege to battle in during my Army experience.

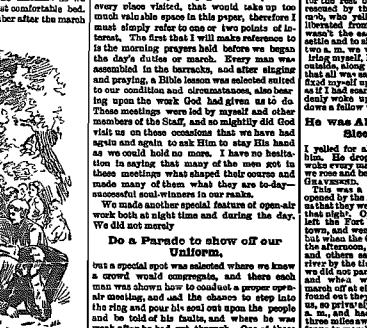
The people out of the building, the next business was to retire for the night, and as this was our first time of sleeping on the hard boards our readers will readily imagine that there were some fine sights to be witnessed that night, and even after the lights went out groans could be heard from all parts of the building, as bones were beginning to feel a little sore, and

**Many of us were up Earlier than Usual the next Morning.**

But I might say that after about the second night all this passed away, and we slept as

Saw Someone in the act of throwing.





soundly on the floor of the barracks as we could have done in the most comfortable bed. In fact, personally I remember after the march was over and I got into my bed the first night, I couldn't sleep, but had to get out and do a turn on the floor, so accustomed had I become to that sort of thing.

Now I cannot possibly give a description of every place visited, that would take up too much valuable space in this paper, therefore I must simply refer to one or two points of interest. The first that I will make reference to is the morning prayers held before we began the day's duties on the march. Every man was assembled in the barracks, and after singing and praying, a Bible lesson was selected suited to our condition and circumstances, also bearing upon the work God had given us to do. These meetings were led by myself and other members of the Staff, and so mightily did God visit us on those occasions that we have had tears and again we have had to stay His hand as we could hold no more. I have no hesitation in saying that many of the men got in these meetings what shaped their course and made many of them what they are to-day—successful soul-winners in our ranks.

We made another special feature of open-air work both at night time and during the day. We did not merely

**Do a Parade to show off our Uniform,**

but a special spot was selected where we knew a crowd would congregate, and there each man was shown how to conduct a proper open-air meeting, and had the chance to step into the ring and pour his soul out upon the people and be told of his faults, and where he was weak after he had got through. One of these meetings has always stood fresh in my mass more since the day it happened. It was at a place called "Paddock Wood." We had no building in which to hold our meeting, but God was kindly lent to us, and about seven p.m. we began with a tremendous crowd round us. Song after song was sung, ringing testimonies were given, scathing exhortations were poured out, burning appeals were made; the crowd was asked to submit to God on the spot, the drum was put in the centre, and one after another came, until eleven were taking mercy. It was a sight long to be remembered; the quiet country, the shades of a summer night, the weeping penitents, the rejoicing white, all helped to make a scene that made earth and heaven resound with glad hallelujahs to God and the Lamb. I might describe a few more of such demonstrations, but that one will give our readers a good idea of a "Life Guards'" open-air service and its results.

Another feature about this march, which will not be forgotten by all those who took part in it, was

**The Terrible Attacks that were Made upon us by the Devil's Dupes.**

The first was during a midnight march from Bexley Heath to a town some five miles away where we were to sleep for the night, en *route* for Gravesend on the morrow. We had finished a glorious meeting at the first mentioned place. Guards always ready were mustered, and away we go with no appearance of a disturbance. We were followed by a happy crowd of fellows, who were enjoying the whole proceedings.

On our way to the town in which we were to sleep, we had to pass through three villages, and at each of these places we congregated band of roughs met us and belabored us with sticks, pelted us with stones, and being on the country road, we occasionally passed a group where some drink, and

**At these Places they fairly Drowned us with Water,**

flung at us in bucketfull as we passed. We had literally to fight our way through. One man, about a mile from the halting spot, was struck with a stone on the back of the head. He immediately dropped, had to be picked up and carried shoulder high, practically insensible for the journey of a mile. At last we were rescued by the police from the hands of this crowd, and we had little further trouble were liberated from their grasp. I remember it was at this place I had to get the men to settle and to sleep that night. However, about two a. m. we were all fixed up, and before retiring myself, I walked all round the building outside, along with another staff officer, to see that all was safe. After doing this parade, I fixed myself up for the night, and it appeared as if I had scarcely closed my eyes, when I suddenly upon the work God had given me to do. These meetings were led by myself and other members of the Staff, and so mightily did God visit us on those occasions that we have had tears and again we have had to stay His hand as we could hold no more. I have no hesitation in saying that many of the men got in these meetings what shaped their course and made many of them what they are to-day—successful soul-winners in our ranks.

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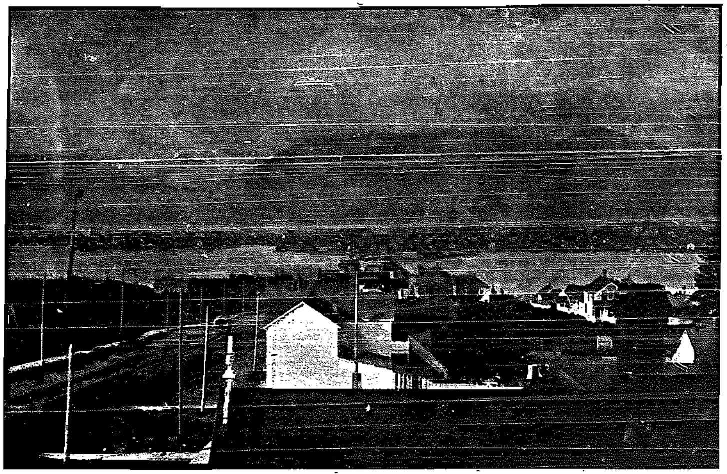
**He was About to Let Fly on My Sleeping Comrades.**

I yelled for all I was worth. This frightened the fellow, I suppose. He dropped his brick and ran away quick, and as he was about five a. m. we rose and began to prepare for our march to Gravesend.

This was a terribly rough place when first opened by the Army, and I remember well myself as that they were going to give us a real 'leaking' that night. Of course this prepared us. We left the Fort Victory on the outskirts of the town, and went in. The entrance was quiet, this was the Guards' week-end visiting day, in the afternoon, many of them were ill treated, and others saved from being thrown into the river by the timely arrival of a policeman. As we did not parade at night the crowd got wild, and when we announced that we should march off at eight o'clock the next morning, I found out they had organized a gang to meet us, so privately we altered it, and left at five instead of eight, and began to go on a village green three miles away, while the crowd was waiting for us to march from our building. We rejoiced heartily at having slipped in this fashion.

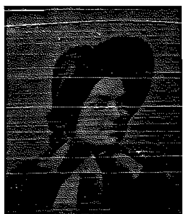
*(To be concluded next week.)*



VANCOUVER (From Mount Pleasant).

# VANCOUVER Corps History.

**A Great Fire—The Invading Force—Excitement—The Minister and the Drummer—Theatrical Combination—The Devil's Catspaw—Rowdyism—Rough Treatment—Hard Fighting—Sold the Devil in Solution—Knocked Stiff.**



Capt. Tierney.

Beautiful for situation is Vancouver, and the pride of its citizens, the coming metropolis of the Pacific Coast. The site was once noted for its gigantic trees, but now for the rapidity of its growth into a magnificent city, with its teeming population and industries; and also as the Western terminus of that grand belt of steel that binds the east and west together, known as the C. P. R. It is also noted for its Stanley Park, which Dr. Wild says promises to make one of the best in the world.

The city is situated on Burrard's Inlet, which forms a land locked harbor of sufficient capacity to accommodate the whole

**Navy of the Grand Old Empire,**

of which we form not a very insignificant strip, bounded on the east by the Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific Ocean.

On the 13th of June, 1886, Vancouver was swept away by fire, and an unknown number of her citizens were swallowed up in the general conflagration, which in a few hours left nothing to indicate the appearance of a young and prosperous city, only a few heaps of smouldering ruins and a couple of isolated shanties.

The city was only one and a half years old, when in December, 1887, some hand bills announced to the inhabitants that the Salvation Army was going to open fire on sin, drink and the devil on the 18th of that month. Expectation ran high, and many wondered what it could all mean, but that day, like all others, came at last, and the corner of Cordova and Carroll Streets presented quite an animated appearance by the crowds of people that had assembled there to see the

**Invading Force.**

Many were not a little surprised, and some a good deal disgusted to see it, in the persons of two hallelujah lasses—Captain Hackett and Lieut. Tierney (now Capt. Tierney of the Rescue Home, Victoria, B.C.) coming marching up the middle of Carroll Street singing with their might—

"Fighting, fighting on the narrow way,"

and beating their timbrels like Miriam's band of old. Taking their stand they knelt down and asked God's blessing on their undertaking, and after speaking with telling effect they led the way to Hart's Opera House, then the largest hall in the city. That soul stirring hymn—

"Jesus suffered on the tree,
Hallelujah to the Lamb,"

was given out, and was taken up with a will by a congregation of six or seven hundred, and shook that old shell of a building to its foundation, and was loud enough to have awakened the seven sleepers.

In the evening they chose the same place for their open-air meeting. The crowd of people that stood around them on every side was tremendous, and as Capt. Tierney says, "We could not see a nook or corner of escape." The writer knows not of a more daring, noble thing done under the sun than those two heroic girls, strangers in a strange land, standing there alone with their God in the dark of night in the midst of that

**Vast and Ungodly Multitude,**

to tell them of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. The crowd gave good attention and drank in the truths spoken. When the meeting was announced they took their way down the middle of the street, followed by the multitude singing at the top of their voices,

"We'll roll the old chariot along."

The building was packed almost as full as a box of sardines, with a congregation often of twelve hundred people.

The meeting inside was indescribable; noisy and hard to manage, but there was a good many Christians present, who testified to the saving and keeping power of God, which seemed to be a great encouragement to the two lone lasses.

On Wednesday night of that week the Rev. E. Robson, one of the first Methodist missionaries to British Columbia, came up to the open-air ring, and putting his hand upon a young man's shoulder that was standing by told him that he had been praying to God to convert some strong young fellow to carry the drum for the two brave lasses.

On the next Sunday morning as the reverend gentleman was going to his church he was delighted to see that same young fellow

**Strapped Fast to the Drum,**

apparently doing his level best to knock the heads out of it. The kindly preacher took off his hat and gave him an encouraging cheer.

That young man was Tom Whipple, the present WAR CRY sergeant. One of Tom's old chums seeing him, and thinking that he looked a little shakey about the legs, ran out of a saloon with a big glass of beer to strengthen his former chum's nerves, which to his great surprise was politely declined, something that Tom had never been known to do before.

The crowds were pretty rough. Lieut. Lynes (now Mrs. Capt. Greatrex) was taking up the collection one night when a hard case by the name of Black kicked the basket out of her hand, for which she took him by the collar and landed him out on the street, as a boy said, "quicker than you could say scat."

On one occasion the WAR CRY sergeant was keeping the door when a theatrical combination came to take immediate possession of the hall, and were of course refused admission to the room. They then assaulted the door keeper and struck him a severe blow which

**Spattered the Door with Blood.**

But there was a lot of roughs standing about who were acquainted with the doorkeeper, and all that he had to do was to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, for the roughs sailed right into the theatricals in true sailor fashion and cleaned them out in short order.

Capt. Hayes.

Amongst the large number who got converted at this time I might mention John Watson, who now rejoices in the name of "Happy Jack;" John Hewton, Sergt. Gunderson, and Robert Given, now Lieut. Given, of Kingston, Ont.

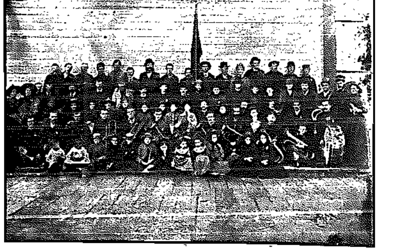
One evening the Captain had appealed to the audience for a good collection. The next morning John Sholdise, a big six footer, walked into the officers' quarters with a sack of flour on his shoulder and set it on the floor. The Captain got him on his knees in the kitchen and he came away from there gloriously saved. The next that we seen of him he was marching at the head of the corps with the colors on his shoulder. He passed over the Jordan of death trusting in God about one year ago.

About this time Commissioner Coombs came to the Coast, and whilst holding an open-air meeting some one threw a couple of

**Very Ancient Eggs,**

one of which struck the drummer, John Collis, in the ear, and the other struck the WAR CRY Sergeant in the neck, but they stood like brave soldiers and paid no attention, only took it as a compliment. It must have made the fellow that threw them feel pretty small, even in his own estimation.

A hallelujah wedding was to be held at the barracks, on which occasion Captain Hackett became Mrs. Capt. Harrison. Capt. and Mrs.



VANCOUVER CORPS.



Harrison carried on the War in their double capacity for a few months without any abatement. Their farewell ultimately came, up to which time forty-seven converts had been placed on the roll. Lieut. Lynes was promoted and left in charge, and the old chariot rolled along as fast as ever.

The rowdy element grew worse. Red pepper was thrown on the stove, and the stove was kicked over twice on the same night, the meeting was closed seven different times, but every time someone else would come to the penitent-form for salvation, and in the midst of all that uproar and general confusion, ten souls stepped out of darkness into the light of the children of God.

The Captain once took a burly brewer by the neck and shook him into subjection. The saloons were deserted, and

**His Satanic Majesty Raged and Foamed,**

and offered twenty dollars by the hands of one of his catspaws to anyone who would bust the drum, but without success. A miscreant, however, who occupied rooms over the Jubilee saloon, threw a bucket of water on the Captain whilst marching past that place. But to the honor of the saloon keeper, be it said, that although he would sell the devil in solution to his friends and customers in drink, yet he would not rent a room to anyone despicable enough to throw water on the messengers of God, and he had to leave the place instantly.

This period turned out such converts as Capt. O'Neil, of Emerson, Manitoba, Lieuts. J. W. Orr and Bolter, and Capt. Harry Watkins, who is now battling for the Lord under a tropical sun amongst the jungles of India.

On one occasion a loafer made an obscene remark to the Captain during the meeting, and a noted buffer—who prided himself in the name of Bob Himple—was sitting right in front of him, and sprang from his seat and struck the offender and

**Knocked him Stiff on the Floor,**

where he lay very quiet for some time, and he then got up and marched straight to the penitent-form.

Then came orders for the Captain to farewell, and a banquet was arranged. The building was filled. There were no excuses as there was in the parable of the king's supper, for $250 was taken in at the door, and at the close the D.O. (Adjutant Scott) told the audience that if they wanted to shake hands with the Captain, they might do so at one dollar per shake. George ——, one of the most hardened old sinners in the place, jumped up and said that he would

**Take Five Shakes, and throw down a Five Dollar Bill.**

In a few minutes one hundred and fifty dollars was paid in the same way, making four hundred dollars for the farewell meeting.

Capt. Aikenhead and Lieut. Selby then took charge. The good work then went on as fast as ever, and there hangs an halo about the name of Laura Aikenhead of British Columbia that time nor distance doesn't diminish.

Then came Capt. Harris (now Mrs. Captain Ashton, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, U.S.) and Lieutenant Gooding; in the meantime the corps had moved into a new barracks on Water Street. The Captain got her marching orders, and told the people about the open-air ring that she had got orders to go, but as the C.P.R. had not commenced carrying Salvation Army officers free yet, and as she did not have the money, that she would have to appeal to them for some. At once fifteen or twenty dollars was thrown upon the drum-head.

Captain Ham and wife, and Lieut. Smith (now Capt. Robert Smith, one of the mountain outriders) then took the reins, but they had a hard time of it, but

**Fought the Battle Nobly**

and did a good work.

Bandmaster.

Captain Will then stepped in, a brave, noble-hearted little Scotch lassie, filled with the same fire and spirit as had animated the hearts of the old Covenanters, whose blood had dyed the mountains and glens of her native land. God's work in the corps marched steadily forward. She was assisted by another Scotch lassie of great vocal ability—Lieut. Frasier—with a voice as sweet as the warbling liverlok of her native valleys. After four or five months faithful work for the Master, and many souls saved, Capt. Will said good-bye; the Lieutenant was promoted and remained in charge, being reinforced by Lieutenants Reid and Dignon.

During the regime of Capt. Frasier, the officers' quarters were broken into twice and robbed of what little they possessed, and the rowdy element became so unruly that it was found necessary to have one hard case brought before the police court for disturbing the meeting, and his fine was about thirty dollars and costs. Whilst on their knees praying in the open-air in front of the Gold House, on Water Street, in February, 1890, some dupe of the devil on the roof of the building threw

**Two or Three Buckets of Water**

on the Captain, but not in the least daunted, she continued the meeting on the street and in the barracks to the end in her wet clothes, and took a severe cold, from the effects of which we believe she has never fully recovered.

Then came Capt. Scott, another singer with a contralto voice of wonderful power and sweetness that helped to charm many a weary pilgrim into the fountain that makes clean. With Capt. Scott was Lieuts. Reid and Westacott, two faithful workers, and the Master's business went on and suffered no loss.

Captain Frith (now Ensign Frith, of the Rescue Home, Toronto), and Lieutenant Comstock followed Captain Scott, and for eleven months toiled with perseverance and faithfulness that is above all praise, bringing souls to God, getting them saved and clothed, pointing the corps onward and upward, they themselves leading the way, to a better and a higher Christian experience. Their marching orders came at last, but the work of God still goes on. The Salvation Army still lives in Vancouver, and

**In Spite of His Satanic Majesty**

and his imps it is still going on to help to conquer the world and bring it to the feet of Jesus, bravely led forward by Captain Hayes, ably assisted by Lieuts. Kadey and Johnston, who are ever on the alert in the Master's service.

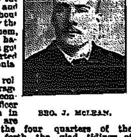
The anniversary meetings, which were held on the seventeenth and eighteenth of December, and led by Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts, were times of power. The open-air meeting on Sunday evening, the 18th, was grand, and so appropriately led by Capt. Tierney standing in all the majesty of a messenger of the King of kings, surrounded by sixty or seventy blood-washed warriors—on the very same spot where

**Just Five Years Ago**

she stood alone with a companion to tell the vast multitude about the love of Jesus, and those who had the privilege of listening to her thrilling words will testify that she has lost none of her fire or vigor since that memorable night.

At no time has the corps made a better advance than under the present beloved leader, Capt. Hayes.

We cannot close this sketch without acknowledging the uniform kindness that has always been shown to the officers and soldiers of Vancouver by the Chief of Police and his officers without exception. May the Lord bless them, and indeed He has for one of them got gloriously converted during Self-Denial Week.



BRO. J. McLEAN.

The converts' roll shows an average of over fifty converts for each officer who has been in charge, which are scattered to the four quarters of the globe, bearing forth the glad tidings of salvation wherever they go. They exceedingly rejoice that the Salvation Army of Vancouver ever searched them out of the dark places of sin and degradation and brought them to the feet of Jesus who forgave their sins.

In the spring of 1888 instruments for a brass band were procured. What were they going to do for a teacher? The Lord supplied one—for just at this time

**A Musical Genius**

got converted and was installed as Bandmaster. The boys improved so fast under his able tuition that they were out on the march playing in three months. The Bandmaster left the city and his place was ably filled by another musical convert, and the band continued to improve, but it was hard work on account of so many of the members moving to other places. The second Bandmaster moved to Victoria, and Robert Given (now Lieut. Given, of Kingston) took the reins and done good service in that position. After he farewelled for the Training Home, Bandsman Neidig stepped into the breach for leader. Although he is the last he is by no means the least. The band has made rapid progress under his efficient leadership, and when the

**Commandant and Mrs. Booth**

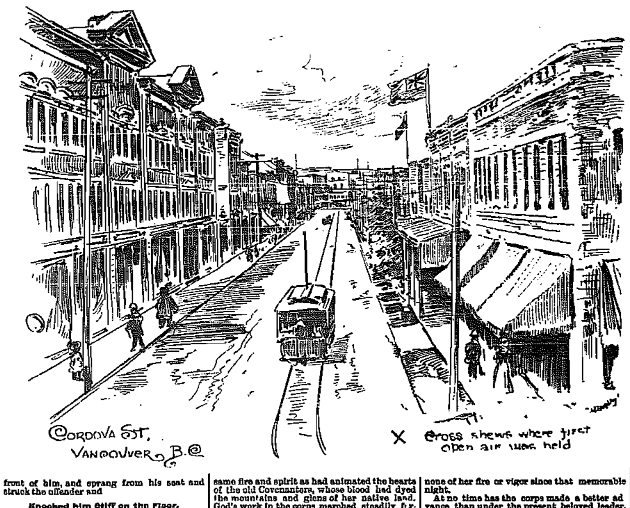
come to Vancouver he expects to welcome them with some music that will remind them of the Household Troops' Band; *so mote it be.*

On Saturday, Dec. 24th, 1892, we marched out of the old barracks into the new, where the Lord has already sealed the efforts that have been put forth and the signs of the times indicate greater victories in the future than in the past, glorious as it has been.

The corps is marching forward,
And we never will give in.
The prize that's set before us
Through Jesus we shall win.
In the strength of our Jehovah Lord,
The Ancient One of days
Vancouver we mean for Jesus,
So saith brave Captain Hayes.

Then set the corps on fire, Lord,
That all may catch the flame
That speaks salvation from all sin
In Jesus' hallowed name.
Burn up all selfish jealousy,
And make all pure within.
Then in Thy strength, oh, Lord of Hosts,
Vancouver we shall win.

AUXILIARY.




# Men I Have Met.

BY STAFF-CAPT. ACUM.

Carlyle, the sour and sarcastic, in speaking of the population of England, makes a remark to the effect that it is a certain number of millions, and they are "mostly fools." Of course we don't go quite so far as this, but from the first moment that we accepted as a truth the statement of the poet that the "fittest study of mankind is man," we have felt that the most we could say of many men we have met is that they are bipeds of the *genus* homo and *species* athropos. There are however, men that one meets who stand out prominently before us as long as we live. A *something* about them makes it impossible for us to forget them.

* * *

How often the biography of a great man commences by stating that he was born of "poor but pious parents," in a certain year at a certain place; and there is such a similarity in certain respects about the records of many of these men, that one cannot help but feel that the writers of them might get a certain number of lives written, taking care to leave blank spaces for filling in the date and place of birth, etc., as the occasion might require. We, however, in this instance shall give you none of these particulars. I shall not say that the subject of this sketch was born at —— in the year ——; that his mother's maiden name was ——; that his father was a ——; that he studied at —— College; was converted to God at ——, and became an officer in ——.

No! I will say none of these things. The only information, curious reader, you will get is that

This worthy wight from —— came,
An officer is he.
Tall, sir? Why, bless you, no!
Only some — feet, two or three.
His hair is dark, he grows a beard,
Is always on the rush,
And is a splendid sample of
Salvation splash and push.

One reason I write of him is, because he is a *man who prays.* Some little time since, I went to do business with him, and about the first words he gave utterance to were, "Let's have a word of prayer!" Down on our knees we dropped. He prayed, and then I did the same. 'Twas only a little act, but a noteworthy one nevertheless. I believe in a man who *prays,* really prays; for his prayers link him on to the Divine, and the result is the Divine and the human go hand in hand, and *fight* and *overcome.*

* * *

A second reason is, because he is a *man who works,* and I also believe in a man who works. He has no fixed hours of business, but "week in, week out, from morn till night," he never has a spare moment. His time and talents are consecrated to the service of God; and although he does not talk about what he does, yet one cannot help but admire him for work's sake."

* * *

A third feature of this man is that *he thinks.* What a number of people there are who really never *think.* And what a mere machine, or automaton, a man is (if we can call him *a man*) who does not think. One reason why some people can get through so much more work than others is, because they sit down for a few moments before undertaking the work contemplated, think it out, and then set to work. A certain prominent Staff officer used to work at a very large factory when he was a boy, and one day he heard his master say he paid people for brains, and not for hard work. This, in other words, meant that he divided his men into two classes, namely, *thinkers* and *mechanics.* May the Lord help us to be "*thinkers!*"

* * *

The last feature I will mention is, that *he reads.* I would to God that our officers would read more than they do, even if they did restrict themselves to the "Bible, the WAR CRY, and the books issued by Headquarters." "Reading," says Bacon, "maketh a full man;" and I suppose we are correct in saying, that talking from a platform, night after night, is apt to make an empty man. To be continually giving out, without taking in, means running to waste in a very little time.

# HERE YOU ARE ONCE AGAIN!

## An Offer to Officers.

We shall be open to reserve space for any Officer to write on any Salvation topic on which his heart is stirred.

This is the Field Officers Column which we have referred to on a previous occasion.

If we might give a hint to intending contributors, they should select that subject which is uppermost in their mind at the time. If you are more than ordinarily concerned about the state and condition of sinners in your town, and find that this subject is absorbing more and more of your attention—that is the thing you should write about, and in doing so you will not only increase your own concern about sinners, but will likely stir up the fire in the breasts of others. It is a fact that is always true, that if you feel deeply about anything you may be pretty sure to reckon that others will feel deeply too.

If your heart is absorbed with the supreme object of inspiring your soldiers with a zeal for the cause of God that cannot be quenched,—all right; put it all down.

If you are concerned about the unsatisfactory condition of professors of religion, their unstable experience, their shortcomings, their unspirituality, side by side with the glorious provision of the Gospel of God for their fullest needs—glorious salvation from the force and the power and the slavery of sin, into the heavenly mind and image of Christ—give up your heart to the control of your hand, and let the whole thing be poured out like a living torrent of burning, fiery flame that will set others on a blaze.

If the WAR CRY claims your attention and you have got some plans on hand for successfully carrying on the WAR CRY war, with any suggestions that would be helpful to your comrades, or any experiences of your own on the same lines that have proved helpful to you in the past, we certainly shall be just as glad to hear from you, and put down all you have to say. Whatever it is that is pressing on your heart at the present time—and you will know what is—let us hear from you. We are nothing if not practical, and endless delays in writing to the WAR CRY and delivering one's soul, are as culpable and inexcusable as putting off personal dealing with the sinner at your side. They both come to the same result in the end.

# TRY!

## A Practical Disquisition.

A soldier of the Ottawa corps, Canada, once took his place as a student of a business college in that city. The president was giving a lecture on bookkeeping. A large number of students occupied seats directly in front. A volunteer was called for to draw out (on the blackboard) a cheque on a bank for a certain amount. There were present young men of talent, of intellect, of education and experience in this line; but just then a feeling of timidity took possession of them. The salvation soldier jumped to his feet and said,

**I Will Try It.**

The students smiled at the new comer as he made a mistake, but the president coming to the rescue fixed it up and said, "He has more pluck than any of you." That soldier never forgot from that day to this how to draw out a cheque on a bank. The circumstances were so peculiar and to some extent humiliating, that it was indelibly impressed upon his mind. How few people are willing to become fools for Christ's sake. You feel you cannot give up your sin and serve God. I would say to you, try it at all costs. You feel you cannot march—try it. You feel you cannot wear uniform—try it. You feel you cannot pray with your family—try it. You feel you cannot speak to that poor drunkard—try it. You feel you cannot pray in public—try it. You feel you cannot sing a song—try it. You feel you

**Cannot Sell "War Crys" on the Streets**

and in the saloons—try it. You feel it would be worse than useless to apply for the field—try it. You feel you can not get your salary—try it. You feel you can not compose a song—try it. You feel you can not play an instrument—try it. You feel you cannot write an article for the WAR CRY—try it. You feel you can not visit the whole town and community—try it. You feel you can not get everybody to work—try it. A smile of approval from your great and loving President will amply repay you.

**Failures Jesus Never Knew.**

What He has promised He can do. While your heart is right and your motives are pure, directly or indirectly, you will be a success. I would like to say to every poor, weak, trembling soul, "Cheer up, keep your chin up." God lives and loves to help you and give you victory. Yours, enjoying the fight,

Ensign T. A. MAGEE.

**You remember the case of Dives and Lazarus. Do you think there is any application to yourself?**

# MRS. BOOTH'S MEMOIRS.

## Two More Brave Comrades take up the Gauntlet.

**HURRAH FOR LIPPINCOTT AND MORRISBURG.**

**Sister Mrs. Bowcock, of Lippincott, Volunteers to sell 100 "Crys" for Ten Weeks.**

**Sister Maggie Host, 50 "Crys" for Ten Weeks.**

**WHERE ARE THE OFFICERS?**

## IN A WEEK OR TWO

**An Article by the Editor of the English "Cry,"**

**COLONEL NICOL.**

**SUBJECT:**

## MONSIEUR SCHOCH,

**FATHER OF**

**MRS. HERBERT BOOTH.**

**What about the trumpet that will one day split the sky? Do you think you will be able to abide the sound thereof?**

# GLORY HALLELUJAH!

## Wire from the Commandant.

HALIFAX, N.S., FEB. 3RD, 1893.

Just arrived from Newfoundland. Commandant's meetings unprecedented in the history of the Island. Marvellous for power, effects and old-fashioned enthusiasm. Thirteen hundred of St. Johns' best citizens attended special invitation meeting. Over forty souls.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND.

**So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.**

# OPPORTUNITIES.

Opportunities of various kinds cross our path daily. Some take advantage of them, and many others let them slip.

The shrewd business man watches the fluctuations of the markets

**With Eagle Eye,**

and when an opportunity for a profitable investment presents itself, how eagerly he pounces upon it. He does not idle the time, for he knows that the least delay on his part would mean that someone else would step in before him and carry away the money that he would have made had he seized the opportunity in time.

The professional

**Confidence Man**

sees a favorable opportunity of fleecing some innocent and inexperienced traveller. He loses no time in making the acquaintance of his victim, and in a very short time succeeds in transferring the money of the unsuspecting *voyageur* to his own pocket. He made the best of his opportunity.

**The Card-Player,**

the horse-racer, the billiard player, and in fact the worldlings of every class watch their opportunities and eagerly pounce upon them when the chance presents itself, and thus succeed in their various callings.

If people are anxious to take advantage of the opportunities to benefit themselves temporally. How infinitely more so should people be anxious about spiritual things, and yet it seems as if they have time and opportunity for everything else but that. Sinners of various types attend meetings and listen to sermons week after week. Opportunity after opportunity for

**For their Soul's Salvation**

presents itself to them, but they let all go by unheeded. Demonstrating very clearly that the world is of more value to them than their soul's eternal welfare.

God's children also have their opportunities of doing good to some soul, and benefiting humanity. Do they make the best of their opportunities? Alas, it has to be admitted *they do not!* Now Salvationists, it seems as if God has especially privileged us with

**Opportunities Innumerable.**

Let us take a lesson from the past and the indifference of others, and let us go forward in God's name, anxiously looking for an opportunity of doing good, and when one presents itself, let us make the best of it. Souls are being damned all around us, and oh, what a solemn thought that many are to-day wailing in the caverns of the damned, who might have been saved had YOU made the best of your

**OPPORTUNITIES.**

# NEXT WEEK

## And the Week After.

**GEMS FROM**

## The Life of Mrs. Booth.

**LOOK OUT!**

**This is the Book You can get for $4 (2 Vol.)**

**THE SALVATION ARMY CLASSIC.**

# GAZETTE.

**PROMOTIONS—**

*Capt. Langtry*, of the Home of Rest, to be *ENSIGN*.

*Cadet Louis Spriggs*, late of Yorkville Garrison, to be *Lieutenant*.

**APPOINTMENTS—**

*Lieut. Spriggs* to Deseronto.

**MARRIED—**

*ARCHIBALD, ENSIGN WALTER*, who came out of Truro, N.S., in Dec., 85, and last stationed at the Temple, to *Capt. Jessie Butler*, who came out of Congress Hall in March, '87, and last stationed at Bowmanville, at Hamilton, on Wednesday, Jan. 25th, by Col. Mackenzie.

H. H. BOOTH,
Commandant.

Territorial Headquarters

# WAR CRY

*SATURDAY FEBRUARY 11 1893.*

**ANNEXATION FOREVER!**

The vexed question of annexation still absorbs a good deal of printer's ink. Partisans on both sides grow red in the face to prove that their peculiar tenet is almost equivalent to the salvation of the race. As to that we have nothing to say, but it certainly does teach Salvationists a strong object lesson on another side. With us there can be no question as to the right, and as to the urgency of spiritual annexation. That is the very mission that our Master has given us to do, to annex every living soul under heaven, and by the passion and love of Christ and the stress and force of divine persistent energy compel submission. So we will run our flag up to the top of the mast and shout annexation forever. WHO'S FOR ANNEXATION THIS WAY?

**IT IS URGENT!**

Now, we mean what we say. The state of sinners demands it. Here, sitting at our very doors are sinners of every description in utter unconcern. They are utterly blind to their own fate. The whirlwind rushes past, but it contains no note of warning to them. Their friends and acquaintances fall within their very sight, but it calls forth no life-and-death struggle for their own salvation. They sit there as ones petrified. They are both blind and deaf. Even the shock of armies which, if they had but a hearing ear, would fill their souls with terror, goes on day by day without so much as causing a single moment of uneasiness.

**A MAD POLICY.**

Now, verily, this being so, there is cause for Salvationists to be up and doing, and that with all the strength and fervor they can command. It must be annexation and no equivocation. These sinners must be rescued or they will die and be damned before our very eyes. That is what is happening at the present time. Consider this well. Let it sink down deep into your heart. There are no facts more momentous or more patent than this wholesale march of sinners to their own destruction by their own choice. The last stroke of folly and iniquity is added to their mad policy by their self-delusion that because perchance they are not as other men, adulterers, extortioners, and because forsooth they attend some place of worship, THEY at any rate are in a good case!

**DESPERATE!**

Oh, for a bold, outspoken stand on this question. Do what we will, we cannot discharge ourselves of the responsibility. We have no choice in the matter. It will become a question with us also of saving or perishing. The whole human family is so linked together that all share in the common weal or woe. *That*, soldier, is your call and your commission. This is a war without quarter. Total surrender or death, and in this case it is death eternal. Up then, everyone of you, to the rescue. They that are slain shall live for ever, and they that live shall be slain. He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall save it unto life eternal.



# WAR TOPICS

A fight!

Note page fifteen.

Kaleidoscope is bravely contending against great odds, but appears to be getting the advantage. He has evidently got his hands full yet. Perhaps some of his gallant comrades on the field will come to his help and effectually and for ever destroy the hydra headed monster.

Quite a confession reached us a day or two ago from "Picker" acknowledging his sins of omission in not contributing to the CRY, but as he exhibits a genuine repentance, we expect to see a change for the better. Perhaps there are one or two others who might prove the veracity of the old adage, "Confession is good for the soul."

**As announced last week part of the "First Life Guards' March" appears in this issue, which should not fail to be read by everyone. It will be concluded next week. The Vancouver Corps History, too, is quite thrilling and instructive. Next week a graphic history of St. Johns, N.F., Parry Sound the week following.**

Capt. Clark desires us to correct an error which appeared in our last issue stating that Hamilton I. had not ordered any almanacs. The Captain states that fifty were ordered and are nearly all sold. The Trade Secretary apologizes and accounts for it by the fact that the Captain secured the almanacs from the store instead of ordering them in the usual manner, hence there was no record.

It is our duty this week to report a singularly sad incident. Officers all over the Dominion and many comrades and friends besides, are well acquainted with our old Auxiliary, Mr. Robinson, of Big Bay Point. He came to the city on Friday last, apparently enjoying good health as usual, and was to have returned home on Tuesday. He was, however, taken ill and removed to the hospital on Saturday, which he was never to leave alive, as, on Wednesday morning, somewhat unexpectedly, orders came, and our friend and brother was ushered into the presence of the King Whom we have every reason to believe he was well prepared to meet.

"A citizen of Victoria" is evidently in need of something to entertain him. He writes us four pages about his having attended a meeting, from which we gather he is under the impression that we believe God delights in plenty of noise, and also that it affords us much pleasure in making fun of the devil. Quite an able disquisition, we feel quite enlightened.

Brigadier Jacobs is the next to take us to task, and calls our attention to the fact that we omitted to mention special rates in connection with the Commandant's visit. As these appeared in a report from the Brigadier, we hardly thought it necessary to insert them again. We are gratified, however, with the charitable spirit exhibited in his letter, and assure him that we have a high regard for our Eastern comrades.

**Specialities! We are on the look-out for matter concerning the Commandant's visit to Newfoundland, and hope to publish it in our next issue.**

Still going up! We are glad to note that after allowing for the black listers this week, there is a genuine increase in the circulation of 100 copies. An increase of one hundred every week wou soon begin to tell. Who will be the next create a sensation in this line, we wonder?

Two brave comrades belonging to the Morrisburg and Lippincott detachments respectively, bravely step out and accept the challenge for "Mrs. Booth's Memoirs." Strange to say, not a single officer has had the grit to take up the challenge.

W. H. Orr & Sons, of the Etna Life Insurance Co., have enquired for one—E. J. Groombridge, dead or alive, formerly of Toronto. It will be to his advantage to communicate with them, if alive.

Nanaimo, though not a very large place, puts to the blush the cities and larger towns of the Dominion. Scarcely a week passes without a report reaching us that two hundred or more CRYS are sold on the streets. A systematic canvassing may have something to do with it, and the lack of this may have a good deal to do with the paltry sales of some of the larger places, many of which we understand have no systematic method of pushing the CRY.

A number of comrades who are anxious to contribute to the CRY still, seem to be under the impression that we require lengthy preachments and testimonies which are too monotonous to insert. What we want is something with snap and bite in it. We can do with a life sketch, if there is anything in it worthy of note.

A coming artist has sent us a colored drawing of an Army barracks. Where on earth it comes from we cannot tell, as there is nothing to indicate its latitude or longitude. Kindly send along the name.

The Chief Secretary is not dead, though his notes do not appear this week. He is very busy, especially in the Commandant's absence, but will probably have something of an unusually interesting character to say next week. Look out!

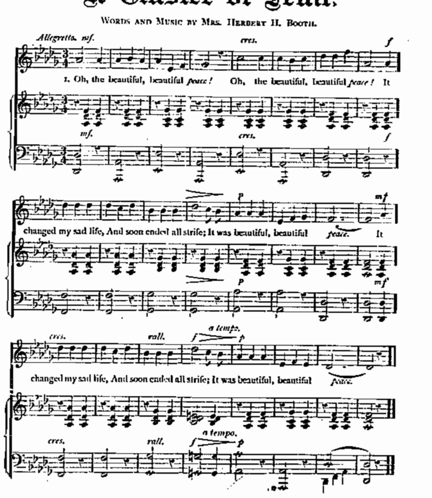
SUB.

Mrs. Booth has not been idle during the absence of the Commandant. She has been down at the office transacting business with the Chief Secretary and other Headquarters Officers, attending to the Rescue Work and the Children's Shelter, and doing a hundred and one other things besides. She has laid herself out for several meetings, and has acted the part of a Red Cross Knight right valiantly. That is, in the most unthankful department of the work, she has assiduously turned her attention to the getting of supplies, which God knows we need badly enough. Those who have had no experience in this kind of work, will not be able to form any idea of what it is like.

If any friends hear this song sung, and feel their hearts stirred within them, a little note to Mrs. Booth would be very welcome, and a suitable contribution would go a long way to cheer her in the Commandant's absence.

## A Cluster of Fruit.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MRS. HERBERT H. BOOTH.




2. Oh, the wonderful, wonderful *joy!*
Oh, the wonderful, wonderful *joy!*
That came to my soul
When my heart was made whole,
It was wonderful, wonderful *joy.*

3. Oh, the heavenly, heavenly *love!*
Oh, the heavenly, heavenly *love!*
It melted my heart,
And made coldness depart,
It was heavenly, heavenly *love.*

4. Oh, the conquering, conquering *faith!*
Oh, the conquering, conquering *faith!*
It lit up the night,
And made darkness take flight,
It was conquering, conquering *faith.*

5. Oh, the glorious, glorious *hope!*
Oh, the glorious, glorious *hope!*
It checks every fear,
And dispels every tear,
It is glorious, glorious *hope.*

# CURRENT EVENTS

A somewhat amusing incident occurred a few days ago on York Street, in which an old colored man played a prominent part. He was walking along with a bag in his hand, the suspicious appearance of which resulted in a policeman making certain enquiries. The old man started to run, saying, "Dar's a fire down street!" The policeman, however, soon caught up to him and walked him off to the police station. The contents of the bag proved to be chickens which bore a strong resemblance to some that were missing from a coop near the place where the old man was accosted by the policeman. We are reminded in this incident of another colored individual who delights to bag as h's prey—the souls of men. It is well to be on the look-out.

Toronto is becoming notorious for desperadoes. The third and most daring attempt at robbery has been made lately, occurring at the Home Saving and Loan Company's office on Church Street, on Friday afternoon last, at a little after four o'clock in the afternoon. Fortunately the cashier was safely guarded by the net-work all round and above his desk. Some seven thousand dollars lay on the counter before him; while in the act of counting it a revolver was presented at his head and a demand for the money. The cashier courageously replied that he would not surrender it. An attempt was made at the side door of the apartment, but he held it against the intruders, who after a scuffle with one or two other clerks in the office who were not protected as was the cashier, they became alarmed and fled, and as yet have not yet been discovered. This is the most daring and desperate case that has come under our notice for some time; it is to be hoped the gang will soon be discovered lest they have a more serious crime to expiate.

According to a recent despatch, the Earl of Aberdeen has accepted the position of Governor-General of Canada. Both the Earl and Lady Aberdeen have a very warm regard for the work of the Army, and in response to the General's appeal for the Darkest England Scheme some two years ago, gave the magnanimous donation of $5,000 towards the same.

The postmaster at Owen Sound while walking down the street suddenly fell in an apoplectic fit, and expired in less than ten minutes. The deceased gentleman was much respected. Death came very unexpectedly, in which manner it is as likely to come to the reader as to anyone else.

Quite a little sensation has been occasioned by the difficulty at Hawaii, by which the Queen has been forced to abdicate, which she alleges is due to the force of the United States' troops. It is inferred that the American Government is anxious to annex the Island. With Governments as with individuals, the prevailing mania is to get more, which, alas! when accomplished often proves a snare.

A French statistician who has for some time been making a study of the average height of the human race, observes that during the last three centuries the average height has diminished some 5½ inches, and further states that in the process of time the human race will become so diminutive that it will entirely disappear from the face of the earth. This is dealing with things in a summary fashion and no mistake. We are inclined to think it will be a long time after the said Frenchman has left the scene of action before his prophecy is fulfilled. What will he do with them after, we wonder?

The United States has sustained another visitation from the king of terrors, who a few days ago claimed another of her prominent citizens in the person of ex-Secretary Blaine. It is said his one great ambition was to secure the office of President. We are often led to wonder and marvel at the seeming short-sightedness of men in seeking those honors which are perishable while neglecting those that last for ever, though we hope the deceased gentleman was not among this number.

The English Parliament reassembled this week. The Queen's speech was made, and the attitude of the Government was declared respecting several important measures that are to be dealt with during the session. The Queen's speech is looked forward to with profound interest by which few, who by reason of their exalted position, are favored with the honor of hearing it. Our minds instinctively revert to that glorious assembly infinitely superior to the grandest of earth's regal demonstrations, among which some of the humblest and poorest will take part and receive commendation and reward from Him who is King of kings, and Lord of lords.

The death of Bishop Brooks, of Boston, a few days ago, caused a pang of sorrow to those who were acquainted with him. He was a brilliant man in many respects, and endeavored to bless mankind in various ways. He took a great interest in matters that were calculated to benefit the working man and the poor.

An earthquake has occurred on an island belonging to Greece, in which it is reported some 150 lives are lost. There is probably no phenomena or visitation that is more appalling or calculated to strike terror to a populace as this. Yet we are reminded that these terrible visitations are ominous criterions of the last great convulsion, which shall shake the foundations of the earth. Well may the seer of the apocalypse interrogate "Who shall be able to stand?"

# A BAY OF FUNDY BREEZE

— AND —

## What the Scribe Saith.

STIRRING EVENTS RECORDED BY THE SCRIBE—VISIONS—TWO BRAVE COMRADES CROSS THE RIVER.

And it came to pass that as I did read in the paper of the Army called WAR CRY and got my soul blessed, I heard one saying unto me in the tongue of the Editor—write ye with ink and paper the deeds done in the East in the division whereof Jacobs is Brigadier.

And he said unto me—say ye not as the scribe in the book of Samuel, "tell it not in the city and publish it not in the streets, but write ye so that he that runneth on the way to destruction may read.

* * *

In the first month of the year it came to pass in the town of SAINT GEORGE that the prophetess Campbell and Brebaut her Lieutenant, did plead mightily and wax eloquent because of the woe and destruction pronounced against the sinners of their town by the Most High God. And while it was dark they both did go forth and did capture two souls out of the hand of their enemy, and there was much rejoicing in the camp of the Salvationists, especially over the one that aforetimes had been a leader in the Lord of Hosts' Army, but had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. And there was likewise much rejoicing in the country round about when they heard of how the Lord had dealt graciously, seeing that not so great a victory had been wrought for many days in St. George.

* * *

And not many days after in the same month it came to pass that Gardner, the Captain of the company at CARLETON, did move in and out amongst the people, and was moved with compassion as he looked and beheld how the people of the Lord had waxed lean in their souls, and did not seek unto their Lord with all their heart. And he sought unto his aid men of craft, and cunning and skilled in the art of printing, and did issue instructions unto the children of Israel to gather themselves unto the house of the Lord. And when the appointed day was fully come, and many had come together to hear the word of the Lord, the prophet Gardner did strive mightily with them, and with many words did he declare the Word of the Lord unto them, and he chose him for his subject, "Our possibilities as children of God from the standpoint of the word."

* * *

In the first day of the week cometh Dick, being one of the Wisemen of the East, crying in the streets of St. John III., saying, "Ho, every one that delighteth in music come ye to the house of the Lord, for I have prepared me this day many instruments of music and singers without number. And it shall be that at what time ye shall hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, drum, organ, and all kinds of music, that ye shall fall down and worship the Lord our God and Saviour Jesus Christ, for there is none other name given among men whereby ye shall be saved, and at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow." And with many other such words did he seek to turn them from their idols to serve the true and living God. And many did gather themselves together at No. III., insomuch that they sought unto the house of the Hydropathe to come and deliver their seats unto them, that all might have room.

The blessing of the Lord was upon the house of No. III., and He did cause many to draw nigh and approach unto the penitent form, insomuch that there was no room on the platform to contain all those who sought to be soldiers.

* * *

And I heard a voice saying unto me, "Write blessed are the dead who die in the Salvation Army, both now and for evermore." And I looked and I beheld one clad in the garments of the N. W. Telegraph Co., and he did pass before me with a book in his hand wherein was written in the writing of McLean, of the town of WOODSTOCK, "Treasurer Connell laid himself down and gave up the Ghost."

* * *

And it came to pass on the Sabbath day, that they sought unto the Brigadier to come unto their aid. And when much people had gathered themselves together to lament, the Brigadier did, with much reasoning and exhortation, seek to turn them from their evil ways, saying, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die oh people of WOODSTOCK."

And while he thus spake unto them, nine of the children of Baal did kneel humbly before the Lord our God, and did make many prayers, and sought to be made like unto the children of light.

The Lord hearkened and heard, and did pardon. And a book of remembrance was written, called the prisoner's roll, and their names were written in the Lamb's Book of Life. And while yet many did grieve over the death of Joe, there was great rejoicing over nine sinners that repented.

And there appeared unto me the second time a messenger, likened unto the first, bearing in his hand a telegram, crying, who is found worthy to open the seal? And one passed before me in blue robes, and did take the envelope and break the seal. And I heard moans and lamentations, and the voice of sighing, saying, "Tushi, the lieutenant is fallen, Tushi, the mighty is fallen, and has passed in to the land of paradise, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." And I beheld there was much sorrow in the house of the Army.

And again I looked, and beheld that the son of a great man called General Booth, did cause to be written unto Jacobs the Brigadier, saying "Not many days hence shall ye see the sign of the coming of the Commandant and his Staff; wherefore prepare ye the way, and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is crooked be turned out of the way." And I heard a voice crying, "cut it short."

F. E. S.

# Some of the Events

## ATTENDING THE WEDDING

— OF —

## Ensign and Mrs. Archibald.

### The Chief Secretary Told One or Two Secrets about the Commandant and Mrs. Booth.

Weddings are ever destined to command a large share of public as well as private interest, and strange as it may seem, the interest never seems to wear out. Salvation Army weddings are no exception to the rule.

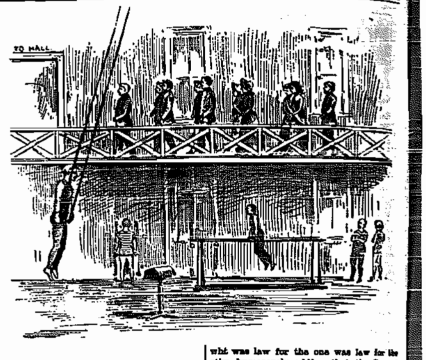
Ensign Archibald and Captain Butler were to be united in matrimony, and with an eye to business, the Chief Secretary thought to take advantage of the occasion to assist the Rescue and Social operations. The bridegroom-elect therefore was posted off to Hamilton a few days before, and returned with a jubilant expression on his countenance, and with a very practical result in his hand. All weddings and all events in the Army are made the most of for the good of the Work.

The day arrived. It was to be a high occasion, with a view to making the best impression possible upon the important city of Hamilton, and so giving our work there a push ahead. The Headquarters bandsmen united with the Temple corps bandsmen, and with others formed a party, which were conveyed by two sleighs to their destination. We need occupy no space in recounting their adventures. It was cold enough riding so many hours, especially in view of the return journey; but they did arrive, and arrived in good spirits, played round the town, and helped to put a good deal of zest into the meeting. On the return journey one of the horses fagged out, and one of the company who has a special affection for animals, almost had a good cry.

The ceremony! Ah, what shall we say about it? To begin with, there was the wedding march—

#### A very Novel Kind of Affair.

The ante-room happened to be altogether separate from the auditorium, and a gymnasium intervened. So that when the wedding party was ready, behold, it turned out that we had to do a triumphant march along the balcony in full view of the athletes, and with the gymnasium in full play beneath. Was there ever such a strange combination? The march consisted of about eight, headed by Staff-Captain Sharp, including Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Acum, Adjutant Taylor, Captain Rowe and a WAR CRY representative, the bride and bridegroom of course, and with the Chief Secretary bringing up the rear.




The first thing that greeted our eyes on entering the meeting, was to see that the Association Hall was full up to the doors, and it looked a very effective sight. The Salvation Army bass salute was given by the band as the party took their seats on the platform, and leaving the ordinary way of commencing a meeting, the Chief Secretary set aside a little time for knee-drill.

Then we had a good sing with a good song, one of the many Army favorites composed by the Commandant. Staff-Capt. McIntyre—who was there with his noble band—spoke out the truth that was in him, and referred to the occasion of his four previous visits to Hamilton. His first visit was romantic; he was only a boy, and was really making tracks to get away from the police. Since then he had been converted, and at a half-night of prayer in Hamilton had got a very special blessing—the blessing, we take it. Mrs. Acum followed with a few suitable words.

ENSIGN AND MRS. ARCHIBALD.

Before the nuptial knot was tied, the Chief Secretary proceeded to lay down two or three fundamentals of the Army, especially in relation to the pledges which were about to be made. In the first place, the principles of the Army were

#### Summed up in the one Clause,

*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself.* As to the sacrifice which was to be called for, and which in the nature of the case was bound to be rendered, there was an object in it. There was no suffering for the sake of doing it. Sacrifice was not a penance. Then combatting the popular delusion that one set of rules applied to the privates while another set governed the General, the Colonel proceeded to explain that wht was law for the one was law for the othr, humorously adding that the General coul no more smoke a cigar and be a General tha any other officer could. The General's famly had been married under the same pledge. An here the Colonel launched out on one or tw important illustrations to show, what is ver little understand and appreciated,

#### The Personal Self-sacrifice

wich the General is often called upon to mae. He instanced the case of the Commadant, who had been in practically the higest command the Army has at present to offr. And yet in the midst of his career the Comandant and Mrs. Booth volunteered and th General freely gave them both up for Canad. He spoke of the wealth of affection and th ability of the Commandant.

Averting to one other common fallacy, viz., tht all sorts of injustices could be carried on, th Colonel went on to say that the Army was to much governed from the top for men to go ver much astray. He spoke also of the freedo which every officer has to pour out his so upon the people, a freedom practically unfettred. Every officer could take a chair if he whed and at any time of the day have an op-air meeting all to himself.

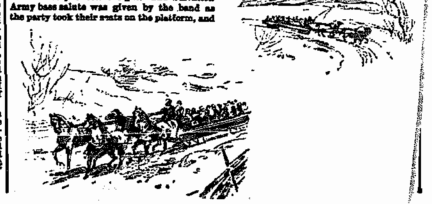
Then the articles of marriage were read, hads were joined, prayer asked for God's blsing on the union.

During the most trying part of the ceremony Stf-Capt. Acum whispered in the ear of a comrade that when he (the Staff-Captain) was mrried

#### He Spoke up so Loud

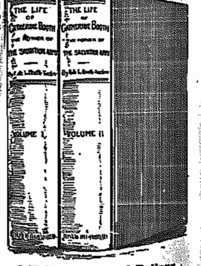
tht even ——, who was deaf and was down the end of the hall, could hear. This was sd because one of the couple on the present ocasion could hardly find voice to speak.

There was a good deal of enthusiasm in the meting from beginning to end, and when the Chef Secretary referred to the Commandant and Mrs. Booth his words were received with aplause. It only remained now to bring the meeting to a profitable close, and fervent appeals were made to those present to come to a decision. Unfortunately we were tied for time, but what time we had we made the most of. The meeting was scarcely over before the lights were turned out and we all had to retreat even from the ante-room where the Chief Secretary had been interviewing a reporter.



HAVE YOU READ

## The Life of Mrs. Booth?"




2 Volumes. - 4 Dollars.



# Auxiliary Notes.

"Whiter than snow, yes whiter than snow:
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

* * *

It was Saturday afternoon. Outside, the sun was shining in all its glory, mother earth was clothed in garments of spotless white, and all nature seemed pure and heavenly. We were paying a visit to the Salvation Army Prison Gate Home, when the sweet music of this dearly loved chorus was heard somewhere in the distance. Where did it come from? Very noiselessly we crept up to one of the doors downstairs to listen. Over and over again the words are sung,

"Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow.
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

Curiosity at length overcame our bashfulness, and opening the door, we discovered the source of the song. Truly, it was a sight over which angels might rejoice, and devils have cause to tremble. Dinner was over, and before the men returned to work, a soldier, who had himself once known what it meant to tread the dark paths of sin, and find himself behind the prison bars, had gathered them together for a little bright singing before they separated for the afternoon.

Speaking of the power of song, this comrade said, "One verse of a hymn did for me what all the jails had hitherto failed to accomplish." "I believe," he added, "that there have been more people sung into the Kingdom than were ever preached into it." And what hymn could have been more appropriate for such an occasion. As those precious words were sung, if the weary, sin-stained hearts that had so often resolved to do right, and yet had so sadly proved that without Christ they could do nothing, had in simple faith been handed over to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," oh, how quickly, the sins of years would have been washed away, and what rejoicing there would have been, not only in heaven, but also in that little room in our Prison Gate Home.

But God's Word shall not return unto him void. That chorus may ring in the minds of some who, perhaps, thoughtlessly sang those beautiful words, and shall yet be the means of leading them to Christ.

* * *

Dear Auxiliaries and friends, God has laid this work very heavily upon our hearts, and we want, if possible, to awaken your interest and enlist your sympathy.

Have you ever been in jail? (We would not for one instant infer that you might have been there as an unwilling guest) but have you ever gone, remembering the Saviour's words, "I was in prison and ye visited me." If so, you know something of the sorrow, misery, and sin enclosed within those four stone walls. Oh our hearts have ached as we have looked into the faces of the prisoners, some of them fine, manly looking fellows, and yet so bound by Satan's shackles, that it seemed almost impossible for them to break away. A weary month of confinement, and at last the great door swings open and they are free. But where are they to go? They have no home, their friends have long since turned from them in discouragement and disgust. But the devil has not given them up, he still seeks his own; and disheartening by the failures of the past, the poor ex-prisoner readily yields to the temptation of some old companions, and very soon he is as bad, nay, worse than ever. But how different might have been the result if some kind hand had been outstretched and an invitation to our Home given, where, amidst holy influences, the poor wanderer should have found a Saviour, Who could snap every fetter, and make him a new creature in Christ Jesus.

This, dear readers, is exactly the work we are trying to do. At our home on the corner of Wilton Ave. and Victoria Street carpenters are busy, and in every way we are doing our utmost to make our Home bright and attractive. We hope ere long to be comfortably settled, when we trust we shall have the pleasure of a visit from you, for we are confident that when you thoroughly understand our work your heart will go out in sympathy with us, and you will become one of our staunch friends and supporters.

* * *

During the past few weeks some of our League members have been practically solving the oft repeated question, "How can Auxiliaries help?" Only the other day we received a most welcome present from one of our Ontario members, two large tubs of butter. It is needless to say how very acceptable such a present always is, and also how extremely grateful we were to her whose thoughtfulness prompted such a gift.

But the brother Auxiliaries have not been behind hand. You know we have a very large family, and at our Children's Shelter especially little toes and, elbows, etc., are constantly peeping out. What was therefore our delight a little while ago at receiving a parcel of dry goods—another present from a League member.

There are many others who could help. Remember, dear friends, it is for Christ's sake we ask you to do so.

* * *

And now just one more suggestion (and this is a very practical and unphilosophical one). Some one has sent us a number of samples of carpets, which we are anxious to have made into mats for the Homes. From personal experience I can tell you that it needs a great deal of patience, but perhaps there are some of our Toronto Auxiliaries who possess a large share of this particular virtue. If so I know you would succeed at this labor of love. Shall we see how much we as League members can do? Will you call at the Auxiliary room and have a chat about it? If you will we will give you a most hearty welcome.

Yours in Him, E. A. M.

# CARTOON.

THEREBY HANGS A TALE.

# PRAIRIE PEALINGS.

While the merry changes of bells rang out the last days and moments of '92, and welcomed in the beginning of '93, the King's hosts in the Western Division were also pulling at the ropes of Gospel bells, which too have rung out some acceptable changes, and chimed some new peals of joy and peace.

* * *

It was at Carberry where the first round of peals I wishto record was chimed. On Friday, Dec. 30th, the first bell was pulled, and the pealing was continued till noonday. Mrs. Margetts, of course, took the first bell, Capt. Arkett with his guitar the second, Capt. Edmonds the third, Capt. Isaacson the fourth, and the Brigadier did his best with the big bell, let us see, I think they call it the tenor. Mrs. Margetts only stayed for the first peal, and then left us to do the best we could. Perhaps the first peal was the most enjoyable, I guess it was. It was introduced by a banquet, which was fairly attended and passed off well. It was followed by a downright hearty medley of songs, and solos, and testimonials, and warning bells, and pleading chimes. No gifts in the shape of souls, however, were received during this peal, although, even now I do not think its echoes have ceased.

* * *

The four of us who were left pulled away again twice each on the Saturday night—the second peal taking us a full half hour into the year '93. We continued pulling all day Sunday, to the interest of the Carberry people, who, at night, crowded the barracks, or perhaps I should say—jammed it. A few changes were rung, which turned my fancies, and which brought tears to some eyes, and "hallelujahs" from some hearts: and certainly proved a beautiful introduction to a year of unparalleled happiness to at least three or four families—that is, providing the recipients of God's grace keep true.

* * *

The first change was the wife of the secretary who cried for mercy, found it, an was warmly welcomed into the fold by her husband, and then on to the S.A. platform.

The second was the wife of another brother—a soldier—who also received an equally welcome and warm greeting from her husband, and then from the corps.

But there was one family, the members and parents of which had one sore affliction. The son who had once loved God had wandered away. The elder daughter was away in the field fighting for souls; the second daughter was a J. S. sergeant; the other boy raspt the violin in the meetings for Christ: and even the little dot loved to fire volleys and tell how she loves the Saviour. The mother had lost a clean heart, and father could do with another baptism. So during our fourth peal, which was a holiness chime, the father and mother determined to have a clear start and to do their part and definitely sought and claimed the blessing of a clean heart. To their joy the wandering boy has also returned and the sergeant-major and his S.A. wife and family can now all fiddle and sing and play their instruments under one flag and for one purpose—the glory of God.

* * *

There was a stronger team at the second round, which took place at PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. Mrs. Margetts went on from Carberry on Saturday to call out the changes and to keep things lively. She was well supported with no less a band of ringers than the Winnipeg I. brass band for the Saturday and Sunday engagements, and was further strengthened on the Monday by the aid of Captains Arkett, Milner, Bailey, and the tenor man—the Brigadier.

* * *

It would take too much time and space to record all that by the blessing of God was witnessed and accomplished here. It must suffice to say that everybody worked well and kept in harmony. The crowds were excellent, the banquet and ten cent supper tables being filled again and again. The meeting were full of enthusiasm, and marked with power and blessing, several souls experiencing that of all changes the most desirable—from darkness to light; and others from light to greater and clearer light—purity.

* * *

Various classes of people patronized the meetings, or banquet, or both. Ministers, and deacons, and church members of various denominations; store keepers and business folk, as well as our own class of people, in fact almost every class was represented. The music of the band, as also the songs and pleadings of the warrior chimers, were appreciated by the crowd, and will bring forth more fruit than what we actually saw. One other good change is effected in the Portage. Not only have they a spanking new furnace in the barracks, which is now thoroughly comfortable, but, through the united efforts of these gospel ringers, it is cleared of debt. Hallelujah!

* * *

New Year's changes, New Year's vows, and New Year's opportunities should certainly mark a glorious advance in personal, spiritual and successful soul-saving, soldier-making, uniform-wearing, WAR CRY advancing, achievements all round. We are believing for this. Nay, more, we are going to see it.

* * *

A WAR CRY peal did you say? Yes, we are in for it! Why not? The CRY certainly deserves it. Special correspondents and striking events, and corps histories, and advances in sales and-well-watch and see the remainder. Oh, we are going in for a WAR CRY peal, certainly!

* * *

There's one other kind of peal too has been rung. Capt. Isaacson is responsible for this chime. "The soldiers of CARBERRY are so delighted with the uniforms which they have received from Headquarters, that they have definitely settled it, they will not wear any other."

* * *

Yet another peal—an *original* one. There was some $30 owing by the PRINCE ALBERT corps for travelling. Capt. Rennie promised the people a Xmas tree—everybody attending the meeting would receive a gift. The hall was filled—excitement intense. The curtain drawn from front of the platform revealed a big tree laden with empty envelopes. The Captain gave the two or three hundred envelopes to the people. The people returned the envelopes to the Captain laden with $33. Exit debt.

* * *

My last peal is from B.C. VANCOUVER corps have changed from the old to a new and more commodious and comfortable barracks. The opening service was immense. Result, twenty-four souls volunteering for salvation, while Victoria is being graciously visited by an outpouring of God's Spirit. As the New Year dawned, thirteen (13) rushed to the mercy-seat—all volunteers—one of them with a sandwich in his hand, while on the stairs at the door a fight was going on in real old-fashioned style. Seven more volunteered next night, and so the War goes on.

These two corps did exceptionally well for Self-Denial. Is it any wonder God blesses them? He always does the like.

BRIGADIER J. E. MARGETTS.

# CAVALRY CHARGES

AMONG THE

## Sioux Indians.

I wrote from Moose Jaw last week. The few days spent there were days of blessing I renewed the acquaintance of three years ago. I also visited the Sioux Indians, and the reception was most cordial. Their faces beamed with pleasure, and I must say my heart felt quite tender. Oh, may God bless the poor pagan Indians by prompting someone to give his life for them.

On the morning of the 12th I was hurrying away over the broad prairies to the west. At Calgary I met my comrades, Capt. Scott and Lieut. Kadey. They ministered to my wants at 2:30 a.m. At daybreak we had reached Banff, and although only twenty four hours from Moose Jaw, where it was cold enough to freeze one's ears and fingers, here it was raining. Then began a

#### Passage Through Scenery,

the like of which I never had or could form any conception. I could only repeat, "Isn't that wonderful." This continued for about thirty hours. Wonderful sights passed by in quick succession.

I had the pleasure of meeting two Presbyterian ministers on the train, Rev. Munro and also Rev. Paton, who has been a missionary in China for thirty years. Our conversation was profitable. We steamed into Mission City at eleven a.m. on the 11th inst. Was met by Bro. Sally, an S-A. Auxiliary, who conducted me to Sergt. Aldred's, formerly of Bowmanville, Ontario, and from thence to his own home in Mount Lehman. I was not a little surprised to find this a bush region with all the advantages peculiar to a new settlement, and particularly its disadvantages, against which my noble comrades, Capt. Smith and Lieut. Jarvis, have bravely contended, and to-day have a warm place in the hearts of the people far and wide. We have

#### Soldiers in these Woods

whose "glad hallelujahs" make the place none the less dreary. After being eleven years on the prairies of Manitoba, the "wall of the forest" seemed to make me feel lonesome, but those soldier homes have a very tonic-like effect.

I saw at Alder Grove, which is our headquarters, my Lieutenant for the first time. He was singing with his congregation by way of introduction. We had a grand meeting. Then I witnessed the "inauguration" of the Junior Soldiers' work. The prospects are very good. I then saw Lieutenant

#### Mount his Horse and Start Off

over the rough roads towards the U. S. boundary, while I went with Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith, our Auxiliary friends. Lieutenant returned next day and reported a big meeting; most of the crowd came from the States.

We had souls last night at Mount Lehman. Oh, it was grand. I am quite taken up with the work up here in B. C. Lieutenant has secured a horse for me, now I want a saddle and I am all O. K. We are now at Mission Junction on the C. P. R., where we hold meetings for a few days. Will write further in a few days.

CAPT. MCGILL.

— THE —

# WAR CRYS OF THE WORLD.

**AFRICA. Dec. 24th, '92.**

This is the Christmas issue, and its general get up certainly demands a word of praise. "Silver Leaves" is the title. An appropriate border adorns the front page, made up of a number of leaves, on which are represented various scenes in Army work. The covers are red, the matter printed in black. A number of special articles, distinctly seasonable, appear, being illustrated by various cuts, which, seeing it is very difficult to secure the latter in South Africa, renders the production extremely praiseworthy. Several of the inside pages are also adorned with unique and pretty borders.

Among other contributions, we note one from Staff Capt. Grayson, formerly of Canada, under the heading "Christmas Contrasts, from Manitoba's snows to Kimberley's heat," in which the Staff-Captain recounts many experiences in her career as a Salvation Army officer. Canadian readers will recall the fact, that the Staff Captain was the first female D. O. in Canada, and had charge of the British Columbia Division, and is now in charge of the Kimberley Rescue Home. A number of other appropriate contributions also appear. We might also say, that this is the first sixteen page *Cry* that has been issued in Africa.

**ENGLAND, Jan. 14th, '93.**

This issue comes to hand with a somewhat dismal introduction in the ominous heading "Starving Oldham." We learn on perusal that a strike has taken place by which some fifty thousand hands are thrown out of work and many families are reduced to starvation as a result, in fact it is almost heart-rending to read of the misery that exists; of fireless, foodless children, and of broken-hearted mothers. The Salvation Army as usual comes to the rescue, and has opened a large soup kitchen, where thousands have sought to appease the pangs of hunger. One paragraph will suffice to indicate the terrible position of things.

"In another house Ensign Bell found a deplorable spectacle leaning over a grate to extract a little warmth from the dying remnants of the last few cinders they had. A woman with two children huddled close to her chilled with cold, while her husband leaning against the door-post was the very picture of despair. Food, there was none, and no chance of getting any, whilst on the table lay a small bundle covered with a piece of rag—the tiny corpse of a nine-months' old child, which practically had died from want of food."

### Caught in his Own Snare!

*Scene*: A railway carriage. Occupants, two or three Salvationists and a number of swells. Conversation leads to resolution of the swells to have Salvation ejected at next station.

*Station*: Swell gets out, finds the porter, and proceeds to state his grievance with a view to carrying out the resolution. Meanwhile train moves on, leaving swell behind, and the Salvationists king of the castle—or rather, carriage. A. W. B.

A new departure very similar to the column, "Great Men on Great Matters" of the Canadian CRY appears in this issue under the heading, "John Knox, Salvationist, or How to reproduce him." This column, we understand, will take up some prominent personality each week, and without doubt will be very interesting and instructive, and will prove a stimulus to all who read them.

The following paragraph under the heading of "Canada," speaks for itself:

The campaign of the year commences with a visit by the Commandant and Mrs. Herbert to London, Ont. The event of the week is the Christmas CRY. It is an artistic feat of the first order, and places, we think, all other *Crys* in the shade. It reflects special credit upon the designer, artist and printer. The cover is laid in a dark grey. "The Bright and Morning Star," fixed at the right top corner, throws its rays upon the globe-world, characteristically dark and embedded among clouds. On the left an angelic choir, with golden harps, carol forth "The dayspring from on high hath visited us." Silver dust lends finish and effect to the idea. "Christmas in Heaven" is an attractive five-colored presentation plate. The literary bill of fare is ample and varied, the principal items being an allegorical article by the Commandant: "Onward and Upward," by Mrs. Herbert Booth; and "The First Army Band."

The General's visit to Rochdale was characterized by exceptional meetings for power and visible results.

Under "Side Lights" each week appears an illustrated moral. We reproduce one for the benefit of our readers.

**AUSTRALIA, Dec. 10th, '92.**

The holiness campaign continues to be the special feature of the Australian war and reports of the same continue to monopolise a good portion of the *Cry*. The lengthy reports, however, are somewhat relieved this week by several large cartoons representing different scenes in a meeting.

A new opening of course demands attention, and we learn that at the opening engagement the enemy offered some little resistance. The Captain's head suddenly came in contact with some over-ripe fruit. The Lieutenant suffered a big "Hallelujah!" to escape him, which he had hardly uttered before an egg, not the most modern, was scientifically deposited in his ear. Still, considerable assistance was rendered and sympathy shown, and the prospects bright.

Commissioner Coombs has visited Ipswich and conducted some very enthusiastic meetings, the report of which, accompanied by several illustrations from which we take the following cut.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

And our Australian contemporary has assumed the honorable role. But we are in no mind for criticism. These columns have been devoted rather to stimulating than criticising. Still, thanks Australia. The best tribute yet is your own notice. Proof that the par which you quote has not failed of its mark. We wish you well. And so may we all be stirred up to greater activity, and the *War Crys* increase in point and power, all's well. Did we not say of you that the Australian *Cry* excelled in all that appertained to local news? It, too, is the premier *Cry*.

**UNITED STATES, Jan. 28th, '93.**

Quite an original cut adorns the front page of this issue, which is certainly very creditable. The Statue of Liberty is represented as holding a Salvationist up to the gaze of the world. He is enthusiastically waving a handkerchief as an expression of the freedom he enjoys. In another scene an Army procession is marching along the street, and Father Knickerbocker, smiles on the blood-and-fire brigade. According to the article accompanying it he was not always so good-natured, but, as his mind became enlightened as to the effectiveness of the work of this detachment, his prejudice was supplanted to warm admiration.

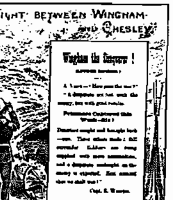
Commissioner Estill secures the position allotted to "front rank men" this week. A half-tone cut and article introduce us to this self denying and loyal leader of our South African Army.

A large and enthusiastic demonstration was conducted at the Lenox Museum on the occasion of the marriage of Ensigns Aldred and Longland by the Commander. The Commander forcibly pointed out the need of the Salvation Army and the work it was doing, of its purposes and its efforts to bring about a beneficial change in the lives and characters of that vast crowd who are considered to be beyond the reach of orthodox methods. The force of his remarks and the approbation may be judged from the fact that over one thousand dollars was raised on behalf of the war.

**CANADA, Feb. 4th, '93.**

The front page is decorated with some five halftones, of which Joe Beef's canteen forms the centre piece. This, as our readers are aware, is our latest capture, and will soon be doing good service as a Food and Shelter Depot.

A thrilling account is given of the conflict between the Expenditure Board and the Editorial Troops. It is fairly exciting, and calculated to make your blood boil and your hair stand up. It is to be hoped none of our readers omitted to read this at any rate.




Campbellton Corps History is very good. Notwithstanding it being a small place, it should be an encouragement to every corps, large or small, to write up their history and forward to the Editorial Office at once.

**CALIFORNIA, Jan. 21st, '93.**

This issue comes to hand with a continuation of illustrations of the new Shelter. An article accompanying the same, presenting to its readers an outline of the work that is being carried on through its agency.

Under "Editorial Talk" the following paragraph appears:—

JACKDAWS IN PEAFOWLS PLUMAGE.—The Salvation Army uniform is a good thing when worn by good people, but when worn by scamps the clothes do not change the nature of the animals, and they as naturally act out their characters as though they were dressed in their own habiliments. We are led to this line of thought through learning that certain individuals who have neither part nor lot with the Salvation Army, by some means have got possession of and wear Army uniforms in part or whole. Such people will bear watching. We counsel *War Cry* readers to beware of strangers wearing Salvation Army emblems—especially when they ask for financial assistance. Salvationists have a well earned reputation for honesty and goodness, and a certain class of unprincipled individuals are trying to make use of the same for selfish ends.

**NEW ZEALAND, Dec. 17th, '92.**

Colonel Bailey's trip is continued in this issue, and his visits to the various places among the Maoris are decidedly interesting and unique in more than one respect. We cull a paragraph from his diary:—

FRIDAY, NOV. 25TH.—Was awakened at 4:30 a.m. by the bellowing of some calves tied up just outside the whare, and sincerely wished they were away at the Divisional Farm, or any where else, rather than just outside our sleeping place. We got up early, had breakfast and then proceeded with the enrollment of the first soldier of this camp. Our soldier chief had

arrived at this conclusion very definitely, and signed the usual articles of war. From the questions I put to him, he appeared to fully understand the meaning of the enrollment. We had an interesting time, though the audience was small. I was pleased to accept Te Karere O Mahuru Te Tahua as the first soldier of the Ngatiruanui Camp, and trust he will be the means of bringing many others to the Saviour.

Immediately after the enrollment we left the pah, with many thanks for the kindness shown to us, and made for aotearo pah, about a mile away. Found the natives at breakfast in two or three groups in the open air, sitting around dishes of "te raanga pirau," eating it with shells, which made very good substitutes for spoons. This is a special Maori preparation of Indian corn, and, I am told, a taste for it can easily be acquired. As we had so recently breakfasted, we did not accept the invitation to join in, but after a little talk, drove on.

**INDIA, Dec. 25th. '92.**

Well done, India! This number is very creditably gotten up; the cover is printed in red ink. One page is adorned with the cuts of Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, and the General in the centre. The letter-press has much improved, and also its general appearance. We cull the following paragraph from "Sidelights on the Cape Comorin War:"

"At her first meeting, a saved devil-dancer gave a very interesting testimony. He said he used to have charge of two shrines, and one day he made the usual offering of cocoanuts and fruit at one shrine, and went to do the same at the other, but somebody came in his absence and stole those cocoanuts from before the idol, and made off with them; so he thought what power can this idol have, if it suffered itself to be robbed in this manner, and he decided to quit the business, and let the Swamy take care of itself. He is now saved and in the Training Home."

## HERE IS A SUGGESTION.

### Hope for the Backslider.

### WHO WILL RESPOND?

MY DEAR EDITOR,—

[After a few words of introduction he goes on to say:—]

My attention of late has been struck with the new ideas you are encouraging, as instanced by the "Character Sketches," the production of the "coming artist," and also by "Illustrated Shorthand."

The new idea that I would venture to suggest is that you would allot space for backsliders under some such heading, or say, "Out in the cold," or for variation you might suit the heading to the "Current Topic of Talk."

Personally I maintain that as a means of bringing spiritual matters (and especially the S. A.) continually before one's mind, it would undoubtedly serve a good end and possibly be the means of softening one's "stony fortress."

As for myself, I know not the day when such may be. You will surely take my word as an (worldly) honest man if I state that it may be in the very early future, or it may possibly not be for years, but I can say truthfully that the desire is and has been in my heart for a long time, but the right individual has not yet "touched" me to decision.

Secondly, the perfection attained by practice so long as it was not under false colors—would be inestimable at such times as the "Wanderer returned." And what a glorious additional announcement it would make among the "Promotions," to say that your so and so the backslider, well known in print as "Native Rye," "B. Slider," "Old Pal," or "Sorry For It," had once more got into the ark safely bound for Canaan.

Trusting the matter may meet with your favorable consideration, I remain yours, as a means to the end, B. Slider.

*Calgary.*



# How They Die.

## FROM OSHAWA TO GLORY.

### Comrade Lewis Short Chosen this Time.

[This account is very late, but some of the friends are anxious to have it inserted. We do not accept material so far behind, but owing to extenuating circumstances we oblige in this instance. Officers would confer a favor by sending in particulars of promotions to glory, with a photo of the deceased, in good time.]

A comrade writes:—

His experience was a very joyful one, and no doubt he is now making heaven ring with shouts of praise to God and the Lamb.

He was born on the 17th of March, 1842, at Great Torrington, Devonshire England, and

**Emigrated to Canada in 1875.**

and settled in East Whitby.

In his early life he was addicted to drink, but in January, 1869, he resolved to give it up and be a man. He signed the pledge and kept it for one year. Then a chum persuaded him to take a glass of cider, it

**Overcame Him and he Fell,**

He signed again and was true till his death. Just before his death brandy was used to bathe some part of his body; he noticed the smell, and would not take his medicine, thinking there was brandy in it. He said,

**"I'll not take it; I said I never would, and I never will."**

He was blessedly saved in a Primitive Methodist meeting in the summer of '77. In the afternoon meeting the leader asked him if he had a word to speak for Jesus. He said, "I wish I could speak for Him." That night he went to the meeting again and made an entire surrender of himself to Christ and ventured his all on the blood. He was gloriously saved; old things passed away, and all things became new. He was indeed a new creature, and could thank God for a real change.

Soon after he was down

**In the Hay Mow Praying**

when his son came along.

"Dad," said he, "what are you doing down there?"

"Ah, my lad, I've got something I wish you had."

Praise God, he had found the Pearl of greatest value and was anxious that others should find it too. He became a real

**Steady and Joyful Worker**

in the church and Sunday school; he delighted in God's service and God delighted to bless him.

About eleven years ago he moved into Oshawa. As there were no Primitives he united with the Bible Christians, and remained with them till the Army struck Oshawa. He became an out-and-out blood-and-fire soldier at once, and was the

**First in Oshawa to put on the red Guernsey,**

and was a true soldier till death. Sick for fifteen months he suffered much without a murmur. The last time he was to meeting he told us how God had blessed him in his sickness, and filled his heart with greater love to all. He had sweet abiding peace in his soul.

His mind sometimes wandered, yet the reading of the Bible and singing the songs of Zion would call him back and he would express unshaken confidence in God. His work, however, was done, and

**God called him Home to Rest**

on the 12th of August. On the 14th we gave him a soldier's funeral.

A great number gathored, when a very impressive service was held in front of the house, comrades and friends taking part.

The band accompanied the singing as

"Sweet rest in heaven,"

and

"Hiding in Thee,"

was sung on the march to the cemetery.

**At the Graveside Burning Truths**

were again spoken to the crowd which had assembled and earnest prayers went up for their salvation.

We trust impressions were made that will lead some to Jesus. Words of sympathy were once again expressed to our bereaved comrades and friends, and prayers offered for God's sustaining grace in this hour of trial.

We gave ourselves afresh to God to work till Jesus comes. MOSES WHEELER.

**Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.**

**Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without my Father.**

# MY FIRST APPOINTMENT

— AND —

## My Impressions at the Time.

### No. I.

BY CAPT. T. COOMBS.

Nearly seven years ago I bade friends good-bye and started as Cadet to my first appointment—Aurora—in the Barrie Division, with an idea that I would soon be sent home, as I thought the Captain would never be able to make anything out of me; but I felt I must obey the call, and if I did my duty and was sent back I would be clear before God. I thought perhaps

**The Captain Would be Hard**

and expect more from me than I was able to do, and would find fault with what I did. Instead of that, however, I found he had a big loving heart, and was so kind, and tried in every way to help me and be a blessing to me. This encouraged me, and I felt there was hope.

I was appointed the first Sunday afternoon to read the lesson. I read ten verses, while shaking and trembling till I could scarcely see the print, the *mistakes were many*—it knocked my sails flat. I loved God and souls, and felt there was nothing too hard for me to do if I could only get out of myself and

**Not be Bound Down by My Feelings.**

At last God so clearly showed me that He was willing to undertake for me if I would trust Him. The greatest blessing to me was the kindness and forbearance of Capt. Ham, my first Captain. I also had an idea that the hardest work would be to get men and women to the penitent-form, but I was much surprised to find the hardest was after they got that far to get them to obey God and walk in the light.

I also thought it would be impossible for a person who had been an officer in the S. A., and had marched, and toiled, and pleaded with sinners day after day and night after night to go back into sin and be careless, but some that I had the most confidence in were the first to go, and

**Would Sit Careless in the Meetings**

and say all manner of evil against the people they had just left.

One Captain that I was stationed with went. The first of his downfall was finding fault with Headquarters, and instead of going to God he harbored these thoughts and said unkind things, until in his heart he became a backslider.

When I took charge of my first corps the devil almost bound me, the soldiers looked me up and down, through and through, until I felt all tied up. They said,

**He'll Never do for Here,**

and one told me when the meeting was out if I did not go in and dance and do all kinds of tricks, I would never get the crowds, and would never get on. I almost believed it, and if I had had enough money would perhaps have gone home next morning, but this time money prevented and I had to stay. While asking God about it He told me to "go on, be natural and do my best, and victory would come." Again I trusted Him, and found His promise did not fail. I feel like adding to this my present experience that every comrade may read it. The last six months of my experience, though

**Some Times Darkness all Around,**

and *once* almost overthrown, tempted to leave the God-given path, I could not see into it at the time, but it is made so clear to me now, it was only God testing my love to Him and His work. My frail barque was tossed, but He held me by His hand, and I have come out victorious with more confidence in God, a deeper love for souls and the Army than ever I had before. Jesus is very precious, and at the present I stand in every way I know of where He would have me be.

**Brother, the whole world is waiting for you to rise up, and in the might of God slay without quarter the enemy of souls.**

## PRISON GATE HOME.

### Corner Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street.

Adjts. McMillan and Manton desire us to acknowledge the kindness and sympathy that has been expressed by several friends, who have contributed to the maintenance of the Home, among whom are the following:—

Mr. Tait, M.P.P., bread. Mr. Small, butcher, Yonge St., meat. Shaftsbury Hall, bread. Mr. Beard, butcher, Yonge St., meat. Mr. Hernon, Church St., meat. Mr. Fogley, Yonge St., bread. Mr. Tucker, Yonge St., meat. Mr. Dancey, Church St., meat. Geo. Kerr, Church St., tea.

The officers in charge also beg to remind any of our friends that clothing or provisions will be thankfully received and acknowledged.

# BITS!

A whole family in San Francisco, Cal., were brought to Christ through reading the *War Cry*.

An ex-saloon keeper says that when he got salvation he got a good dose of it, or he never could have kept saved.

"Patton's walking show room" got saved in an Army meeting, and is now a Salvation Army officer in the Indian battlefield.

This title was conferred upon a lassie who worked in a draper's shop, and who always wore the latest fashions by way of advertisement. Now she goes about advertising salvation among the dark souls of India.

A reverend gentleman attended one of our meetings in B——. At the close of the service he wanted to rent the hall from the Captain for a couple of nights in order to give a *dramatic entertainment*.

Needless to say his reverence was refused. And all his excuses for not using his own church because "it was consecrated," or "had an altar there," or because "they partook of the sacrament there," were of no avail. The Captain ably met and answerd all his arguments.

During a ten-mile ride of one of our comrades in India, he was greeted by over one hundred volleys from different Salvationists along the road. This bodes well the success of the work there.

A dear lassie who was a Catholic, got converted recently at McKeesport, Pa. Of course this resulted in her being ostracised by her family, but notwithstanding all this, she is standing firm.

Sixty-five years had passed over the head of a dear old man in Michigan before he knelt at the penitent-form in one of our barracks, and was converted.

The London, Eng., Shelters have accommodation for about 4,000 men.

A noted devil-dancer got saved the other day in India. The following day his wife followed suit, and both volunteered for the War right away. They wish now to dance for the Lord and bring others into the light.

Commander Ballington Booth, of the United States, proposes to have a six months' campaign for the reclaiming of backsliders.

A bag of oatmeal was secured at a drum-head collection in an Australian corps.

A drunkard who was the editor of a paper, and who would do all he could to run the Army out of town, got saved recently in Guthrie, U. S. He got coming to the meetings. God's Spirit took hold of him, and he was converted.

"Why, you can fairly see it in his face," said one of a gang of young fellows on a street corner, as one of our *workers* passed by, with head erect and looking straight into the faces of his would-be tormentors.

There are one hundred and fifty S. A. officers and fifty corps in Danmark. In Norway, the S. A. have property to the value of about $85,000.

The Social operations are rapidly developing at the Hadleigh Farm Colony. The different industries are progressing favorably. At the brickyard alone, some 20,000 bricks are made daily.

"No smoking allowed here—it will hurt the dogs," was the sign at a recent dog show in Los Angeles, Cal. Smokers, how can you justify yourselves, when even canines are injured by the obnoxious weed?

The struggle between capital and labor in England has thrown about 50,000 hands out of work.

The S. A. ever on the alert to help the needy, has stepped in, and are relieving hundreds of the distressed. Some 500 families per day have been fed, and in different little ways their wants relieved.

Our Rescue operations in New Zealand have been marvellously blessed of God since the opening. It is rumored that the Government intends to contribute towards the maintenance of the Rescue and Prison Gate Homes.

"Kanari Peiri" is the Maori for "Colonel Bailey," our former Canadian Chief Secretary, now in charge of New Zealand.

The *War Cry* was used by a shipwrecked crew off the coast of Finland as a "flag of distress" a short time ago. With it, they succeeded in attracting the attention of a passing vessel, which bore down upon them and rescued them.

A deaf sister, seventy-six years of age, is color-sergeant in an English corps. She sells thirty *War Crys* and six *Young Soldiers* every week.

Staff-Capt. Bedford, Chief Secretary for South America, is practically the Editor of the Spanish *War Cry*.

The area of territory upon which our forces are engaged in waging the war against sin and the devil in South America is equal to nearly thirty times that of Great Britain.

There are about sixty S. A. officers in the two republics of South America (Argentine and Uruguay). The Army opened fire here about two and a-half years ago.

Among our officers in South America, the English, Swedish, French, Italian and German languages are spoken.

Learning the language is the principal impediment for English officers in the Argentine Republic, but with godly stickability this is overcome.

The natives' opinion of our uniformed comrades was that they were revolutionists in disguise. They could not understand soldiers fighting on their knees.

— THE —

## War Cry Office.

# EDITOR'S NOTES.

The unfortunate Editor has got himself into the wrong box this time. It was all brought about by the Special Correspondent Coupon. We hardly know how to inform our readers so as to make them feel that we are really serious in what we say, but there is the fact that the Special Correspondent Coupon has brought down on the head of the Editor the serious charge of being too autocratic.

This is not all, alas! but he is informed on good authority as follows:—"There has not anything taken place in my recollections that is causing the same amount of unrest in the ranks as your coupon has done, except probably ——— book. It is too autocratic."

Now, we really did think in the innocency of our heart that the Special Correspondent Coupon was framed on the best of democratic principles. We thought it gave a good opportunity for any Salvationist of any rank, or any friend, to become linked on to the WAR CRY staff. The Editor meekly apologises, though in every case the D. O.'s recommendation would be first obtained before the names of the Special Correspondents were announced in the CRY.

Following close upon this is a suggestion from a brother who, in his own expressive words, is 'out in the cold.' He says—and says with reason—why should not the poor backslider have a chance with the WAR CRY? We know no reason to the contrary, and if any brother or sister who has fallen away thinks it would help him or her to send a communication to the CRY as to their own experience, we are quite open to consider the question of its merits for insertion in the CRY.

We have received letters from several Divisional Officers, all of them avowing their personal interest in the CRY, and their determination to take up the question of increasing the circulation. One or two have averred—shall we say it?—that in some cases the Field Officer is not quite as much alive on the question as he ought to be, and in fact, have given one or two significant hints. We won't say anything now, as we are hoping to hear shortly of better things.

We are happy to present our readers with an original song set to original music by Mrs. Herbert Booth, and a right good rattling song it is, judging by the stray sounds which came into our ears the other day. Mrs. Booth has been working manfully during the Commandant's absence, getting in supplies and generally directing affairs. In the getting of supplies she is distinctly ahead of any one of us, and puts us all to shame. In spite of all sorts of difficulties she has gone right on carrying fire into the enemy's quarter.

Next week we expect to be in a position to give an extended report of the Commandant's meetings in Newfoundland. During the winter months there is only a mail once in a fortnight either to or from Newfoundland, so that we guess we shall have a good turn out.

We wonder whether officers are aware that sometime ago we made an offer to reserve a column for any officer who wanted to pour out some message that was burning in his heart. We make the offer again. It is not confined to any particular subject. We did intend for some weeks to have a series of holiness addresses, but it is quite open to any officer to write on any subject that his heart is full of. In fact, if our comrades would not mind the Editor giving a hint, that is the subject which they will be competent to write about when their heart is full of it and they are stirred within themselves. Here is the secret of getting your message felt, because you first feel it yourself.

This will be quite independent of the series referred to last week, "My first Appointment and my Impressions at the Time." We shall be glad to have these contributions in as soon as possible.

# SALVATION FOREVER.

## Tremendous Havoc in the Devil's Kingdom.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA LEADS THE ADVANCE.

### Galt Claims the Place of Honor.

SYNOPSIS OF REPORTS AND PRISONERS—HEREBY HANGS A TALE.

| | Prisoners. | Reports. |
|---|---|---|
| London Division | 2 | 1 |
| Newfoundland District | 9 | 8 |
| Moncton " | 2 | 1 |
| Montreal Division | 8 | 2 |
| Toronto " | 5 | 2 |
| Kingston " | 4 | 2 |
| St. John District | 6 | 1 |
| Barrie Division | 1 | 1 |
| Ottawa " | 1 | 1 |
| British Columbia District | 25 | 1 |
| Hamilton Division | 1 | 1 |
| Manitoba District | 3 | 2 |
| Halifax " | — | 2 |
| Chatham Division | None. | None. |
| Total | 62 | 20 |

## Toronto Division.

STAFF-CAPT. BEATTY, D. O.

### A Meeting in the House.

LITTLE YORK.—The past week has been one of good cheer. We have started cottage meetings. Last Friday night, we had a splendid time, when everyone got helped and blessed. Interest in our work is increasing, and God is having his way.—Capt. BRINDLEY.

### A Teaching Farewell.

OSHAWA.—Our dearly loved officers, Capt. Patterson and Lieut. Murray, have said good-bye. We had a farewell meeting at the barracks, and then we marched to the quarters, where we found a surprise party. A beautiful repast had been prepared by some kind friends, to which about forty of us sat down, after which, some loving words of counsel were given by the officers.—M. WHEELER.

### A Night at the Temple.

"I have to go home" said a sister to me on the steps of the Temple last Thursday night." I just came out to do some shopping, and seeing the march, I could not help joining in with them. We had a beautiful march and open-air, I enjoyed it so much, but I can not stay to the meeting." Inside, I found the officers, soldiers, and band taking their seats on the platform. The meeting was lively. I saw one of Headquarters' Staff doing a little dance to the music of the band; he was not on the platform, but in the gallery, where he had stolen for a few seconds to get a share of the blessings that fell on us. I am sure he went back to his night work behind the scenes encouraged, and evidently with the glory in his feet. Sergeant-Major Davis hurled red-hot truths from the Bible at the audience, evidently wounding some. One soul came to Jesus, a poor lad, sunk deep in sin. His brother, a week old convert, came and knelt down beside him to pray, that he might be saved.

The war is raging fiercely,
God calls for soldiers brave
Who selfish aims forsaking,
Will rush the lost to save.

Capt. WM. RITCHIE.

### A Great Commission.

LIPPINCOTT STREET.—We had a grand farewell meeting on Wednesday 11th, when all the cadets, both males and females, received their commissions. A hearty welcome was also given to the new D. O. Staff-Capt. Beatty. Colonel McKenzie led in his usual happy manner, and had a cheering word for every lad and lassie as their commission was handed to them. It was a splendid meeting, and one young man *farewelled* from the devil, and was *welcomed by* God and his people. Sunday, 15th, was a day to be remembered by us all. The Spirit of God was with us from daylight till dark. In the afternoon, Captain Sullivan farewelled, and pleaded for souls; and one young man volunteered and found peace. At night, we prayed in the upper chamber for extra power, and got it too; for when the prayer meeting commenced, a young woman stepped out, and then another soon followed her, and both got beautifully saved. Our soldiers are a brave lot, and in good spiritual condition.—Lieut. C. BEARCHELL.

## Barrie Division.

ADJT. COLLIER, D. O

### An Awful Row.

STROUD.—Last Saturday night, about dark, a poor fellow, who had been drinking, came to the quarters and wanted to come in and warm himself. I recognized him at once as the lad who had the Sunday before made an awful row in the meeting; but, however, I let him in, gave him something to eat, and kept him all night. In the morning, when he was sober, he came to God and got blessedly saved, and was in the meetings all day, telling how God had saved him.—Lieut. JAMES BECKETT.

### Gone up Higher.

NEEPAWA.—A final farewell meeting with our old comrades on Wednesday night, and next morning we board the train for our new sphere of labor. After a hearty welcome from the Neepawa comrades we spent a good Sunday together. At night Capt. Bailey led a memorial service for Sister McDonald, who has been promoted to glory. We feel confident that a grand work shall be done here. Capt. Edmonds is helping in the fight.—Captain PATTON.

### An Obstinate Animal.

EMERSON.—Last Sunday was my first as this corps. The Captain and I started for an outpost twenty miles away. While on our journey a blizzard sprang up, and to add to our difficulties our pony became frightened and started to kick, but in spite of every obstacle we pressed on and reached our destination in safety.—Lieut. ORR.

### Change, not Decay.

MOOSEJAW.—Capt. McGill, one of our old officers has been supplying for a few days. We had some blessed times, and every one was glad to see their old officer. Capt. Flaws has now taken charge, and we all marched forward determined to know no defeat. — Sec. F. GREEN.

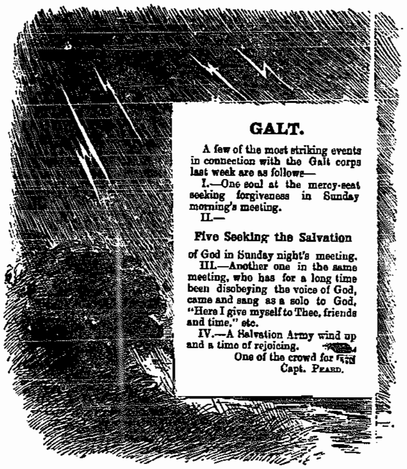
### An Original Tree.

PRINCE ALBERT.—A novel Xmas tree was seen in our barracks on Dec. 20th. Instead of being heavily laden with costly gifts it was hung with envelopes which were taken off and distributed amongst the audience. They were afterwards returned to us with a donation for the work. Over $30 was thus realized. At our watch-night service two precious souls cried for mercy.—Lieut. A. THOMAS.

## Moncton District.

ADJT. HOWELL, D. O.

CAMPBELLTON.—Good meetings. Two seeking deliverance. Victory.—Capt. D. P. MCRAE.



## GALT.

A few of the most striking events in connection with the Galt corps last week are as follows—

I.—One soul at the mercy-seat seeking forgiveness in Sunday morning's meeting.

II.—

**Five Seeking the Salvation**

of God in Sunday night's meeting.

III.—Another one in the same meeting, who has for a long time been disobeying the voice of God, came and sang as a solo to God, "Here I give myself to Thee, friends and time," etc.

IV.—A Salvation Army wind up and a time of rejoicing.

One of the crowd for [illegible]
Capt. PEARD.

### Souls and Money.

LONDON.—The devil and his troops fought hard yesterday but the soldiers of the Lord came well to the front, and after some good knee-drill and some straight steady shooting from the heavy guns, three souls fell at the Cross and got saved. Many got badly wounded. We thank God for some people who help us with their money as well as their prayers. We were in need of $17 the other week to pay a bill that was due. After putting our needs before the people we received $26 in donations. Also a month or so ago we asked our friends for donations for coal and received over $50. This week $1 was sent all the way from Michigan to be put in the collection. A lady who lives in a small village near the city brought in a large turkey the other day and said she was glad to hear of the Circle Corps system, and promised to look after the officers and horse when they come that way.—GIDEON MILLER, Capt.

## Manitoba District.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS, D.O.

### New Fields of Labor.

SELKIRK.—After over a year's fighting in Carberry, where we had the joy of seeing many souls find salvation, I arrived at this corps and found a band of blood-and-fire soldiers, who are full of faith and zeal. We mean to see souls saved.—Capt. ISAACSON.

### Hard Knees—Soft Heart.

CALGARY.—After several days of anxious waiting our long looked-for officers have arrived, and we believe that under their leadership God is going to work wonders. On Sunday night a poor backslider returned to God.

Sec. Dixon in his testimony, said, "That while his knees are getting harder his heart is getting softer."—R. L. BARKER.

### The Mayor to the Front.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—Our banquet on Jan. 2nd was a great success in every sense of the word. Kind friends abundantly supplied our material wants. The Mayor (Mr. Newman), and many other prominent citizens were present. The meeting afterwards was led by Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts, assisted by Capts. Arkett, Milner, Bailey and Flaws, also the Winnipeg brass band. Everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves, and $140 was raised, which greatly lightens our financial burden.—Capt. COWAN.

### Brigadier Margetts.

MORDEN.—We have had Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts with us for a week, when God came very near and blessed us richly. Although we have only been here for a little while we have grown to love the people and long to bring them to Jesus.—Capt. WESTACOTT.

## Newfoundland District.

STAFF-CAPT. READ, D. O.

### Snatched from the Devil.

JACKSON COVE.—Last night in our meeting the power of God was very strongly felt. Two backsliders and one prisoner brought back from the devil's ranks; many more affected. We are believing for great things, and we know that God will not disappoint us.—JOHN I. MANUEL.

### A Man in a Rage.

HARRY'S HARBOR.—Four souls in the fountain—two sinners and two backsliders. The devil is raging here. I went into a man's house and he asked me was I a priest. I showed him the band on my hat, and I began to talk to him about his soul. He said he had the love of God in his heart. I told him he had the love of the devil in his heart. He got in a rage and rose to his feet as though he was going to strike me, and said he would put me outside of the door. I talked and prayed with him, and on leaving I asked him could I visit him again and he said yes. We are going in for greater victories, and we mean to fight the devil on every hand.—Lieut. R. I. BENNETT.

### His Satanic Majesty.

TWILLINGATE.—You will see by this that we are having a high old time here. The devil is mad. Two souls have been saved. We have pretty lively times here with the roughs, but we are gaining the victory.—Capt. BOWERING.

### A Beautiful Snare Drum.

HARBOR GRACE.—Christmas is past, but the good times will never be forgotten as long as we live. It was a charming sight to see two young men making their way to the Army quarters, presenting a beautiful snare drum worth no less than $12. They told us that it was a Christmas box, and they wanted in return our prayers.

It was well announced the last few days of the old year that a watch night service would be held at the Army barracks. At the appointed time the doors were opened, and something like five hundred people thronged the building to watch the old year die. Some thanked God for keeping them true the past year, others had very painful regrets to make as they thought of all the chances they had let pass unimproved.—Capt. D. PELLEY.

## London Division.

MAJOR BAUGH, D. O.

### A Friendly Divine.

FOREST.—There are times when we may have to walk in darkness, but now it seems all light for God has been so clearly showing Himself in our midst. On Wednesday morning while in my bed resting God laid it on my heart to have a banquet, and on returning home I found word from our Major that he was coming for Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, and to try and have a supper. We had but three days to prepare. We held a little council and decided to forward march. We got a good sum of money, and also two precious souls sought pardon at Jesus' feet. The Rev. Mr. Cascaden (English Church) was with me on the platform and spoke of his great love for the Army.—Captain K. STUBBS.

### Impossible to Rest.

MITCHELL.—We are having very spiritual meetings here, and we are believing for souls, feeling that we cannot rest till we see men and women fall at the feet of Jesus and cry for mercy. Our motto is, "The sinners of Mitchell for Jesus."—Capt. NEUERT.

## Hamilton Division.

STAFF-CAPT. SHARP, D.O.

### The Children's Saviour.

GALT.—We had a good meeting on Sunday afternoon, when fourteen children were present, and we talked together of how to please God in our daily lives, as we believe in a salvation for everyday use, and we want to bring the children to God, believing He can keep them.—SERGEANT.

### The Bride and Bridegroom.

PORT DOVER.—Since coming here things have been very hard at times, and as our soldiers live in the country and are unable to attend all our meetings, I have had to take my stand alone most of the time. However, I am not alone, for God is with me. Since coming here we have had to bid farewell to our Sergeant-Major and his wife, who have moved to Windsor. We all miss them very much. God has made their lives a blessing to the people of this town.

We were glad to welcome Staff-Captain and Mrs. Sharp to the Hamilton Division. They paid us a visit on the 16th, and we had a very powerful meeting, and one soul sought forgiveness. God is making my visiting among the people a blessing, and it has been the means of leading one soul to God.—Captain S. RUTLEDGE.

## Chatham Division.

STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL, D. O.

(TENANTS WANTED!)



## British Columbia Dist.

STAFF-CAPT. BANKS, D.O.

### Twenty-Five Prisoners.

VICTORIA.—I hardly know how to begin this report, God has been giving us such blessed times lately. New Year's Eve, just as the old year was going out and the new one coming in, eleven souls came out and found Jesus.

Sunday morning in the holiness meeting, one more came out for salvation, and at night as the invitation was given, one poor backslider volunteered out to the penitent-form, where he was soon followed by six more sin-bound slaves. Praise God for ever!

On Monday night five more came to the Cross. It was beautiful to see one of Sunday night's converts go and bring some of his friends out to the front and weep and pray with them, until they too were soon rejoicing in a newly-found Saviour.

On Wednesday night God gave us one more soul. Last night deep conviction was stamped on many faces, and we are indeed believing to see the results of yesterday's meetings this week.

Altogether God is helping us to gain ground. I heard one of the old soldiers say last night. "That was the largest march we ever had in Victoria." The platform was packed, besides about twenty-five who could not get on at all.—Lieut. ANNIE DAVIDSON.

### Where's the Point?

VANCOUVER.—On Saturday we had a welcome meeting to our new officers, Captain Lowry and Lieutenants Gooding and Collett. Rousing prayer meeting before going on the march, the comrades turning up in good style and full of the Spirit. The band boys were well to the front and rendered excellent service. God's power was indeed manifest both in the open-air and at the indoor meeting, many souls being deeply convicted, but would not yield.

Sunday's meetings were times of power and blessing. Each one being well attended. Capt. Lowry in introducing herself to the audience, said there wasn't much of her, but what there was of her was of God. The Lord bless her and her lieutenants! We closed the night meeting with a wave-offering, having cause for rejoicing, the Lord having rewarded us with four souls for salvation, and three for sanctification.—CHARLES T. IBBOTSON.

## St. John District.

BRIGADIER JACOBS, D.O.

### Garrison Gleanings.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Praise God for a week of victory. Three backsliders have returned to a loving Father who has freely pardoned all their transgressions; also three more, who were tired of a half-hearted service, made a complete surrender to Jesus, who, according to His promise, accepted the sacrifice and gave them victory.—Cadet C. H.

### A Packed Platform.

ST. JOHN III.—Praise God, we are in no wise discouraged, for God is giving us victory. Lately we have seen many kneel at the Cross, and believe some are good cases. Our platform is well packed, but we will welcome all who come. It cheers our hearts to see the backsliders coming home.—HELEN ADDISON.

### Four Back to the Fold.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—The most interesting reports to me are those that tell of souls getting saved, and, thank God, we are able to report souls in Woodstock. God is speaking very loudly to the people, and a number have heeded the call. On Sunday last four wanderers came back to the Saviour's fold. Two more have sought pardon since then, and six held up their hands to be prayed for. We are believing for a mighty revival in this place. May God open the windows of heaven and may the blessing come down.—Capt. J. S. MCLEAN.

## Kingston Division.

STAFF-CAPT. BOLTON, D.O.

### A Happy Trio.

COBOURG.—God is helping us in a wonderful manner. On Monday two souls turned from sin and sought salvation, and on Saturday night another sin-burdened one found peace. All seem to be getting on very nicely.—Capt. BAIRD.

### A Wooden Bee.

OMEMEE.—On Thursday we had a wood-bee. Two friends had given us some lumber and the Captain invited the lads to come and cut it up. On Saturday night we had one of the Methodist ministers with us, who warmly expressed his love for and sympathy with our work. Sunday was a day of power and blessing, and one sought forgiveness. Things are looking up since our new officers took charge. Nine souls have sought salvation.—Sergt. M. WILSON.

## Ottawa Division.

MAJOR CALHOUN, D. O.

### More to Follow.

ALMONTE.—Since coming here, (my first station as captain) God has wonderfully helped me and has been my sufficiency and shown Himself strong on my behalf. One soul has surrendered to the government of Jesus Christ, and we are believing for more to follow.—Capt. J. D. HAMSON.

## Montreal Division.

STAFF-CAPT. BENNETT, D. O.

### He Changed His Mind.

LACHUTE.—"How did you like the meeting last night, J——?"

"Well, I never cared very much for the Salvation Army, but last night's meeting was splendid."

Such was part of a conversation between a young man who had been at our meeting last Sunday evening and another person. The fact of the matter is he came to Jesus in that meeting and had his sins forgiven. Do you wonder at the change in his opinion?

Last Thursday evening some person with more mischief than common sense in his composition, put cayenne pepper on the stove, and thus hindered us from having our meeting. We trust he will seek God's forgiveness before it is too late.—Capt. A. E. FRY.

### Open-Air Prohibited.

MONTREAL I.—Last Monday we started an open-air meeting, but before we were able to talk much to the people who had gathered around us, one of the city authorities came up and said we must move on. We went back to the barracks, where two dear souls were set free. One man who misunderstood the Captain, and thought he was closing the meeting before the regular time said, "I thought you were going to save souls!" He afterwards was heard crying for mercy, and our blessed Saviour delivered him from his sins. We are having grand victory here lately.—Special Correspondent I. M. WILCOX.

### A Female March.

WINCHESTER.—Captain Walker had farewelled, and our new officers had not arrived. Meeting time comes round, but not a single brother puts in an appearance, so the sisters with big drum and snare drum set out alone. A good march and a splendid meeting was the result.—L. EMPEY.

## Halifax District.

ADJT. JEWER, D. O.

### Music and Sweets.

LUNENBURG, N.S.—On Tuesday, Jan. 10th, we had a banquet, followed by a grand musical meeting. Although it was a very rainy evening the people turned out well, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Capt. Raynor was reinforced by Capts. Knight and Davis and Lieuts. Whiteman and Frizzel. The musical part of the programme went off splendidly.—F. H.

### Twenty-Five Captured.

HALIFAX.—For God and souls we fight, and praise the Lord, we fight victoriously. In the last fortnight twenty-five precious souls have sought pardon, some dear little children amongst the number. Our Junior work is flourishing. May both old and young be gathered into the fold.—Sergt. CASHIN.


# Advertisements

## FREE!

### Officers Please Note

That from January 1st the issuing of

**Junior Soldiers' Company Orders**

Will be discontinued. We shall, therefore, not be able to fill future orders.

WANTED at this corps.—Men and women who will not kneel in the prayer meeting with their eyes open finding fault with others who are talking to souls. They do not want to come out to the penitent-form.
SECRETARY.

### WANTED!

At a well established Corps

SOMEONE TO SELL "WAR CRYS"

Besides the WAR CRY Sergeant. Apply at once.

W. O. Sergt.

— THE —

### MUSICAL - SALVATIONIST,

For January, 1898, to hand.

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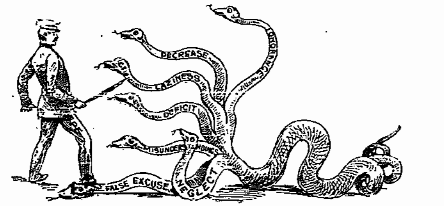
80. Strike while the Iron is Hot.
81. Away.
82. In the Cause of the Lord.
83. A Backslider's Return.
84. Afar from Home.

Price, per Single Copy, 10 cents,
Or $1.10 per Year.


# KALEIDOSCOPE vs. HYDRA.




### A Turn of Things.

K—— is fighting with the seven-headed hydra, and it makes him wish that he was a hercules. I assure you it is a herculean job to slay the monster.

The Greek mythology tells us that when Hercules cut off one head of the serpent that immediately two new heads grew in its place until he took a fire-brand in his left hand and burned each stump as the head fell. I am looking for the fire brands. Who can suggest one?

The warrior has the head "false excuse" under his heel. Oh, that it was cut off forever! The head he is now striking for is "Decreases." Now, comrades, help him with your faith to give it the death blow.

As for the heads, dearest reader, let your wildest imagination suggest an interpretation to your conscience.

And now here are a few figures for last week's issue:

ADVANCES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Montreal I | Capt. | D. Moore | 50 |
| Omemee | " | House | 10 |
| Orangeville | " | May | 10 |
| Shelbourne | " | Stalgers | 10 |
| Parkhill | " | Sandick | 10 |
| Strathroy | " | Halpenny | 10 |
| Kinmount | " | Brewer | 5 |
| Wiarton | " | T. Baker | 5 |
| St. Catharines | " | M. Ayre | 12 |
| Campbellton, N.B. (for one week only) | | | 50 |
| Total increase | | | 172 |

The following are decreases fitly inscribed on a tombstone:

R. I. P.

| | |
|---|---|
| North Sydney | 25 |
| Halifax III | 10 |
| Orillia | 10 |
| Coldwater | 18 |
| Tilbury Centre | 10 |
| Total decrease | 73 |

Down in the cold, damp grave!
It is there they have laid you now, my brother.
For your WAR CRYS have gone down,
And the Editor does frown.
Say, will you rise again, my brother?

It is tragic poetry that casts a gloom of sorrow over the tombstone. However, the last line suggests the possibility of a resurrection; may it be a glorious one!

Deducting the decreases from the increases it leaves a balance of 99 copies to the favor of the increases. That looks more encouraging than last week.

Capt. David Moore is the noble leader of the increases with fifty. That is aggressive and just as it should be. Go on David, you'll fell the old crow of a Goliath yet.

Close after follow five corps, each with an increase of ten copies. This is really a serious reflection on our large corps, as all five of them are selling a fair and better average in comparison with the cities. There is another feather in the caps of our women officers, because everyone of those Captains is a lassie. God bless you. I always thought there was something good in women.

I am also giving due recognition to the following two "Gentlemen Officers," each of whom ordered an increase of five copies. God bless the men; some of them know how to sell CRYS.

Capt. Ayre, of St. Kitts, increased twelve copies this week, but I must in justice mention that he had dropped twenty copies last week, so that makes him still eight copies behind. Keep on, Mark, you will gain the mark again and your brave wife will help you to shoot past it.

Campbellton's supply has been raised fifty copies in anticipation of a double sale on account of its Corps History being in that CRY. Corps History is always of great interest locally, therefore look for your own corps.

A cold east wind from the lungs of Adjutant Jewer brings two decreases. North Sydney twenty-five and Halifax III., ten. I am surprised at this bad example, especially from Halifax, a city corps. Turn your faces, comrades, and rise again as quick as possible. These two pills are hard to swallow.

Coldwater has a mysterious drop of eighteen, which I think is only temporary; anyhow, we hope so. Orillia drops another ten this week, that makes twenty in two weeks. I know they have been burned out, which makes things a little difficult, but look out, the Captain will *Scare* the devil yet.

Tilbury Centre has to drop as no Captain is there, and Secretary McDonald decreases ten CRYS and twenty Y. S., as he cannot manage the lot. God bless you, Secretary. When the Captain comes you will urge him on to immediate increase, won't you?

There is a paper, the existence of which is sadly ignored by many corps, and yet it is a splendid paper. Its name is *The Young Soldier*. I am sorry to say New Westminster had to drop a hundred. Don't you try it.

I suggest that Mrs. Cooper, of Stratford, challenge Capt. Clarke, of Hamilton I., which corps is going to increase first during the next month. Both corps take only 100 WAR CRYS; but I believe that Stratford will lick Hamilton very badly. What do you think Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Clarke? Let us know.

Next week there will appear in this space something else, so good-bye for to-day. Yours,

KALEIDOSCOPE.

## HONOR ROLL.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Capt. M. Gordon | Nanaimo | 82 |
| Sergt. Green | Peterboro | 80 |
| Capt. F. Boyle | Moosomin | 73 |
| Sergt. Law | Peterboro | 59 |
| Mrs. Capt. Woolley | Morrisburg | 58 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Stacey | Forest | 55 |
| Lieut. Shelly | Newmarket | 45 |
| Capt. A. E. Isaacson | Selkirk | 43 |
| Sister J. Lowry | Sarnia | 43 |
| Sister L. Lourie | Sarnia | 41 |
| Sergt. Ackford | London | 40 |
| Sergt. L. Sleep | St. John I. | 40 |
| Capt. Wm. Jones | Brampton | 39 |
| Sergt. Robinson | Bracebridge | 35 |
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| Bandsman Leedale | Nanaimo | 24 |
| Bro. Kelly | Nanaimo | 24 |
| Sister Cromwell | London | 23 |
| Sister J. Miller | St. John I. | 22 |
| Lieut. McLeod | Parry Sound | 22 |
| Sergt. N. Smith | Peterboro | 21 |
| Mrs. Craig | Watford | 21 |
| Sergt. M. Smith | Peterboro | 20 |
| Bro. Brown | Nanaimo | 20 |
| Sister A. Cowden | Wingham | 20 |

**If the sinner does not yield on the first onslaught, try a second, and a third, and a fourth, and if necessary a twentieth until he DOES yield.**

**Death and devils often go together.**

## THANKS.

*The Commandant desires to gratefully acknowledge the following gifts and donations towards the Social Wing:*

*For Montreal Rescue Home.*—Mr. Johnston $10. Mr. Lacey, 50c. Mr. Stevenson, 50c. Mr. Reddy, 25c. Mr. Graham, 25c. Mr. Cooper, $1. Mr. Irwin, 25c. Mr. W. F., $1. Mrs A. C. Clark, $1. Mr. M. M. Duff, 50c. Mr McKim, 25c. Mr. Doods, 25c. Mrs. Mills, 25c. Mr. T. F Dobbin, 50c. Mr. A. J. K., 50c. Mr. Bently, 25c. Mrs. England, 50c. Mrs. A. Bramner, 25c. Mr. J. Eliot, 25c. Mrs. Colley, 25c. Mr. E. G. Brooks, 25c. Mr. Opzoomer, 25c. Mr. Nelson, 25c. Friends, $4.90. Mr. Russell, meat. Mr. Lamb, meat. Mr. Hopper, meat. Mr. Keating, meat. Mr Brown, oranges. Mr. Vipond, oranges. Mr. W. M. McMillan, tea. Mr. McCoy, buns. Friends, clothes. Mr. Glennie, cups, saucers. Mr. Carsley, yarn. Mr. Wylie, bread. Mr. Armatage, milk. St. Ann's Market, meat. Mr. Tidely, tea. Mr. Lang, biscuits. A Friend, vaseline. Mr. Murphy, yarn.

*For St. John, N.B. Rescue Home*—Bro. A. Erickson, 20c. Miss Clark, $2. Mr. Green, 10c. Friends' Springhill, $2.50. Mrs. Mitchell, cake. Mrs. Cassiday, meat. Mr. Hopkins, meat. Mr. Vanwart, meat. Mrs Belyea, fish, meat and vegetables. Mrs. Currie, one loaf bread.

*For London Rescue Home*—Young Ladies, C.T U., seven jars of fruit. Mrs McCracken, potatoes. Mrs. Burnett, meat. Mrs. McDowell, flour and dripping. Mr. McCutcheon, tea. Mr. Perrin, biscuits. Mr. Brown, cakes. Mr. Friend, cakes. Mr. and Mrs. Wiltshier, meat. S. Scranton, $1. T. F. How, $1. Mr. J. B. Cook, 25c. Mr. and Mrs Wiltshier, 50c. V. Cronyn, $2. Mrs. Gravers, 25c. Mr. G. Whitkst, $2. Mr J. [illegible], 50c. [illegible] & Jones, 25c. R. R. Cosan, 50c. F. Love, 25c. Friends, $2.10.

# Maritime Provinces.

**The last series of meetings in connection with our**

# Tenth Anniversary

WILL BE HELD AT

## St. John, N. B.

All the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Officers will be present.

### PROGRAM.

THURSDAY, Feb. 9th, at 8 P. M.—United Meeting with Field Officers and Soldiers.
FRIDAY, Feb. 10th—Field Officers' Councils.
SATURDAY, Feb. 11th—Field Officers Councils.
SUNDAY, Feb 12th—All day "Battle for Souls."
MONDAY, Feb. 13th—Great Anniversary Gathering. Farewell to the East.

## The Commandant

Will conduct the campaign, and will be assisted by BRIGADIERS HOLLAND and JACOBS, ADJUTANTS JEWER and HOWELL, and ENSIGN SMEETON.

NOTE.—Will all Candidates and those wishing to become such, kindly see Brigadier Holland during the intervals between the meetings.

**The law and the prophets were until John; since that time, the Kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it.**

# SALVATION SONGS.

### HOMEWARD BOUND.

1 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide,
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

Come on board, and ship for glory;
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor,
You will soon be left behind.

You have kindred over yonder
On that bright and happy shore;
By-and-bye we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.

Spread your sails while heavenly breezes
Swiftly waft our vessels on;
All on board are loudly singing;
Free salvation is the song.

**I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled?**

### FACT vs. ARGUMENT.

2 Jesus, my King, high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before Thee fall,
And devils fear and fly.

CHORUS.

We have no other argument,
We want no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me.

Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
He scatters all their guilty fear,
He turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.

O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

**For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.**

### LAMB OF CALVARY.

3 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary, the Lamb that was slain,
That liveth again, to intercede for me.

I saw one hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair,
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

**When He saw the multitude, He was moved with compassion on them.**

### MARCH ON.

4 Shout aloud, Salvation boys, we'll have another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as our comrades sang it many a million strong,
As they were marching to glory.

CHORUS.

March on, march on! we'll bring the jubilee;
Fight on, fight on! salvation makes us free;
We'll shout our Saviour's praises over every land and sea,
As we go marching to glory.

How the anxious shout it, when they hear the joyful sound!
How the weakest conquer, when the Saviour they have found!
How our grand battalion seems to spring out of the ground
As we go marching to glory.

Yes, and there are Christian men that weep with joyful tears
When our Saviour's honored, as He has not been for years,
And a full salvation drives away their doubts and fears
As we go marching to glory.

"Oh, they're hopeless nobodies," our enemies made boast,
They forgot that with us comes th' Almighty Holy Ghost,
And unseen battalions of the glorious heavenly host,
As we go marching to glory.

So we'll make a thoroughfare for Jesus and His train,
All the world shall hear us as fresh converts we gain;
Sin shall fly before us, for resistance is in vain
As we go marching to glory.

**Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.**

### COMING TO THEE.

5 I come to do Thy will,
I come that self may fall;
I come for Thee to slay and kill,
I come to give up all.

CHORUS.

Coming to Thee,
Coming to Thee, my Lord;
I'm coming, Lord, to do Thy will,
I'm coming now to Thee.

I come to give up ease,
I come to bear the cross,
I come to do what will Thee please,
I come to suffer loss.

I come my all to give,
I come self to deny,
I come Thy lowly life to live,
I come that sin may die.

I come for cleansing blood,
I come for purging fire,
I come to let Thee make me good,
I come to feel Thee nigher.

I come to be kept right,
I come the least to be,
I come to serve Thee day and night,
I come to fight for Thee.

### WHO'LL FIGHT?

6 Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere
Till we march by the river of light,
Where the Lamb leads His hosts free from care,
All robed in their garments of white?

Everywhere, who'll fight for the Lord everywhere?

Oh, think of the fiends everywhere,
Who on man's ruined nature have trod,
Of the curses that breathe in the air,
From souls wandering far from God.

Oh, Saviour, lead me everywhere,
Till each sin-burdened soul knows Thy rest,
Till the prey from the mighty we tear,
And our country with Thy peace is blest.

I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
For the terrible need I can see,
Many dying in sin everywhere,
My Jesus alone can set free.

**If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee.**

### I LIVE BUT TO THEE.

7 At last this vain world shall all go,
Its charms I now see are but dross,
For none but my Saviour I'll know,
I'll glory alone in the cross;
I am Thine, blessed Jesus, all Thine,
The witness impart unto me,
The death that I die is to sin,
The life that I live is to Thee.

Go, friends, that would keep from Him;
Go, joys, that won't share with His love;
Go, hopes, that would draw me to sin;
Go, all that from Him would remove.
Come, sorrow, if only in thee
I shall cling to my Saviour and God;
From doubting and fearing set free,
To rejoice evermore in my Lord.

I have loved ones before the White Throne,
Shouting anthems of gladness and praise,
Their raptures I'd join as my own,
Exultant in heavenly grace;
I'll sit on the banks of the stream,
And tell of that wonderful name;
I'll bathe in the glories that beam
From the presence of God and the Lamb.

# EYES FRONT!

### DID YOU HEAR

That you can buy cabinet photos of the late Mrs. General Booth at the Salvation Army Stores for 25c. each? If you have none in your home, secure one right away.

### DO YOU KNOW THE DOCTRINES OF THE S.A.?

If not, it is for you to find out by getting a copy of the Doctrines from the Trade Department. Price, 15c.; red cloth cover.

### In Answer to All Enquiries

*Re* "Fair Canada's Dark Side," I wish to say that we have a few copies left in stock, price 10c. each. [This pamphlet contains accounts, statistics, and true incidents, connected with the Canadian Rescue Work, and has had a large sale in Canada.]

### SOME OF THE BEST

and most substantial reading can be found in Finney's Lectures. These books should be possessed by every Christian Worker, S. A. Officer, Candidate, and Soldier,—in short, should be read by all those who are anxious to win souls. We are selling a set of Lectures comprising—

"Lectures to Professing Christians;"
"Lectures on Revivals;"
"Skeletons of Theological Lectures."

The value of the books if bought singly is $1.65, but they can be had at the greatly reduced price of $1.40 per set, post paid to any address in Canada.

### FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

We will be able to supply a $5.00 pair of Pants for $4 50, and a $10 00 Tunic for $9 00. These reductions are made possible by a piece of cloth which we purchased at a reduced price, and which we desire to cut up right away. This offer is only good as long as the stock lasts. Samples and self-measurement forms supplied free on application.

### YOU HAVE BEEN TRYING

To go through this winter with your old overcoat, but find out it is a failure, and now you have to get a new one after all. If you are sensible you will send at once for self-measurement forms and samples to the Trade Department. You might bear in mind that there is at present a special chance to get a cheap overcoat at $17.00, being a special reduction of $2.00 on a remnant of goods in stock. If you can afford it, take this chance.

### LASSIES!

Will you please read the advertisement re Overcoats? After you have read it we will tell you that you can have an Ulster from the same cloth at a reduced price of $14 50, or from another remnant at $13 50, and if you drop us a post card we will send you samples of these two lots and self-measurement forms.

BOUND "ALL THE WORLD" FOR ONE THOUSAND, EIGHT HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO!

Comprising twelve months, in tasteful cover, a handsome, well bound volume, only $1.75.

The same volume for 1891 at $1.75. The bound volumes for 1889 and 1890, $1.25 each, these two years being smaller volumes.

# MRS. BOOTH

ASSISTED BY

## Staff Bandmaster Fry

**And the Divisional Officers,**

Will take the field during the Commandant's absence in the East, and conduct

### SPECIAL RED-HOT

## Salvation Meetings

AS FOLLOWS

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, WOODSTOCK.

### STAFF-CAPTAIN MRS. SIMCO

(Rescue Secretary)

WILL VISIT AND CONDUCT

### SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS

AS FOLLOWS:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| PICTON | Sat., Sun. | Feb. 11, 12 |
| BELLEVILLE | Monday | " 13 |
| CAMPBELLFORD | Tuesday | " 14 |
| PETERBORO | Wednesday | " 15 |
| LINDSAY | Thursday | " 16 |
| UXBRIDGE | Friday | " 17 |
| MARKHAM | Sat., Sun. | " 18, 19 |
| STOUFFVILLE | Monday | " 20 |

Mrs. Simco will have a supply of

WASHING TEXTS

for sale, made in the Rescue Home. These are nicely got up, and no soldier's home should be without one.

# Lost Friends' Column.

### TO THE DISTRESSED!

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends in any part of the world interested in any woman or girl who is known or feared to be living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write, stating full particulars, with names, dates and addresses of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

**We shall charge 50 cents for two advertisements (25 cents for one) of not more than five lines each. One dollar will be charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.**

We are prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The *fullest possible particulars* should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries so as to avoid delays and expense. The number of the advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to HERBERT H. BOOTH Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert street, Toronto, with the word "Enquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

NOTE.—Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case before it can be dealt with. This will save much trouble.

1183 **COX, JOSEPH,** left St. Johns, N.F., on June 3rd, '91, for Boston. His last letter to his wife was posted at Lynn, July, '92. Age 35 years, fair complexion, height medium. His wife is the anxious enquirer. United States Crys please copy. 9ins. 4-2-93 11-2-93.

1184 **GILL, TOM,** of Batley Yorkshire, who left home about two years ago, and is now supposed to be in Toronto. Kindly write or come home at once. Your father is seriously ill.

1185 **RUSSELL, JAMES L.** When last heard of was in Helena, Montana. Blacksmith by trade. Tidings will be thankfully received by his mother. U.S. Crys please copy. 8ins 4-2-93. 11-2-93.

1186 **RIGGS, FREDERICH.** Left Toronto nine years ago when he was twelve years old, with Mr. William Arthur farmer) for Mono Centre, Ont. His sister is anxious to hear from him. United States Crys please copy. 1ins. 11-2-93.

1187 **BENEDICT, HARRY WILKINSON.** Left his home in West Toronto Junction January 6th, '93 and was last seen in Hamilton, January 30th, '93 going under the name of Harry Wilson. First finger of left hand taken off at second joint. Age sixteen, small for age, round face fair complexion, and blue eyes. Will officers kindly look out for the above named boy. Communicate with Commandant H. H. Booth, S A., Toronto, Ont. 3ins. 11-2-93.

1188 **WAY, G.** When last heard of was in Ottawa and may be in Vancouver. Communicate with Commandant H. H. Booth, Toronto, S.A., Ont.

1189 **DUNCAN, F.** Once lived in Ottawa, and when last heard from lived in Toronto. Communicate with Commandant H. H. Booth, S.A., Toronto.

1190 **COLLIER, WM.** When last heard of was in Toronto. Write Commandant H. H. Booth, S.A., Toronto

**And they understood none of these things; and this saying was hid from them, neither knew they the things which were spoken.**